



PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.^r

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T H E
P O E M S

A N D

Miscellaneous Compositions

O F

PAUL WHITEHEAD;

W I T H

EXPLANATORY NOTES ON HIS WRITINGS,

A N D

H I S L I F E

WRITTEN BY

CAPTAIN *E D W A R D T H O M P S O N*.

With a H E A D of the A U T H O R,

From a Painting by Mr. GAINSBOROUGH.

L O N D O N :

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TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
FRANCIS DASHWOOD,
Lord *Le DESPENCER*,
LORD LIEUTENANT AND CUSTOS ROTULORUM OF
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE,
COLONEL OF THE BUCKINGHAMSHIRE MILITIA,
JOINT POST-MASTER-GENERAL,
ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HON. PRIVY COUNCIL,
F. R. S. AND LL. D.

My Lord,

AS the virtues of Mr. WHITEHEAD were
better known to your Lordship than to
any other person, to whom can his Compositions
be addressed with so much propriety? In You,
my Lord, Mr. WHITEHEAD found all that the
Man of Genius sought, the Friend and Pro-
tector.

DEDICATION.

tector. Nature carelessly produces her Wits, for Men eminent in rank and fortune to raise them to distinction: so the Ostrich scatters her eggs on the barren sand, and leaves them to be cherished by the Sun. The greatest Bards in the more early ages of the world required Protectors, like the Moderns: *Horace* had his *Mecænas*, *Shakespeare* his *Southampton*, and *Pope* his *Bolingbroke*: nor had *Homer* tuned in vain his Epic Song, and solicited alms like a Mendicant Minstrel, if one Prince, or Prince's Minister, of those Seven Cities which contended for his birth, had countenanced the compositions of the heroic Bard. But few, very few, my Lord, in these days of ignorance and dissipation, are capable of protecting Men of
Genius,

DEDICATION.

Genius, or of lamenting their mortal dissolution like your Lordship. The last bequest Mr. WHITEHEAD made your Lordship was his Heart, the strongest testimony of his esteem and affection. The first mark of my respect is to present you with his immortal part; which will ever prove a distinguished ornament to the Author and his Patron.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

and most respectful, humble Servant,

Kew,
Sept. 22, 1776.

Edward Thompson.

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P R E F A C E.

P R E F A C E.

I DO not know that it is immediately necessary for the Editor to assign a reason for the collecting of Mr. WHITEHEAD's Compositions; but custom has rendered it into law, that some prefatory Apology should precede the Work. When such a proposition was made to the Friends of the Deceased, it gave a general satisfaction; and they confessed themselves much pleased, that the Works of a Man so valuable to them when living, should have his Compositions rescued from oblivion, and brought forward in a style

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that would do honour to his fame. These pleasing encouragements stimulated the Editor to pursue the research; and with much difficulty he recovered those Poems which make up this Volume. Mrs. HUTCHINS his Sister, Mr. BEARD, Mr. FORREST, and Mr. HAVARD, rendered him every assistance; and as they were the particular and bosom friends of our Author, they had it in their power to assist the Editor with such materials as no other persons could supply.

But the Editor's first motive for collecting the literary remains of Mr. WHITEHEAD, was a zealous desire of snatching from obscurity the compositions of a Man, whose abilities
had

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had ever rendered him admired in the world ; and through a true respect for his memory and fame. Doctor KENRICK has made a short sketch of his character in the Westminster Magazine ; but, though it showed the marks of a skilful hand and a good painter, yet there were some informations necessary to fill up the canvass, which could only come from his Family and his Friends, and with which the Editor has been supplied.

I do not know a task so pleasing to the human mind, as doing justice to the fame of those who are no longer able to defend or assist themselves : it is a tribute the living owe to the dead, and such a one as the

Editor

P R E F A C E.

Editor has now made to the honoured *manes* of Mr. WHITEHEAD, in collecting the soul and essence of the Man in his Writings, and placing a golden frame around the laurels of his Wit. Whenever the Man of Virtue dies, his tomb should be dressed with the flowers of his merit, to stimulate those who follow him to imitation. When the Hero falls, his escutcheon should be blazoned with military trophies in honour of his achievements, as the emblems of his gallantry ; to inspire the rising youth with a lust to glory and renown. And when the Bard reposes his venerable and reverend head beneath the laurel shade, it becomes the living to dress those shrubs of *Parnassus*, the honourable Ever-greens of his mind,

P R E F A C E.

mind, in compliment to the superiority of his understanding. This wreath Mr. WHITE-HEAD wove himself, to adorn his own brow ; but the seeds of his mental flowers were scattered up and down the world at random ; and though many bloomed in the shade, yet their lustre was no ways fullied by the obscurity of their situation : and as it is not many sweet or beautiful flowers of the same genus that will form a nosegay, but a variety disposed with contrasted taste and elegance, so the productions of his little garden of *Aganippe*, when collected together, create an ornamental chaplet for his brow, and a pleasing posy for his friends. As the gatherer of these flowerets, the Editor claims the meed
of

P R E F A C E.

of the Labourer; he has no share in their culture : He was Himself the skilful Gardener that reared them to maturity, well knowing that one less skilful could pick them up, and tie them together for the amusement of the world.

Such hath been the Editor's task ; and he flatters himself his labour has not been vain.

THE
L I F E
O F

PAUL WHITEHEAD;

WITH SOME
O B S E R V A T I O N S
O N H I S

C H A R A C T E R A N D W R I T I N G S.

THE
I
E

WILLIAMS

FOR

WILLIAMS

THE
L I F E
O F

Paul Whitehead, &c.

THERE is not, to the inquisitive mind, an employment more pleasing and instructive, than an enquiry into the Lives and Writings of those who have distinguished themselves by superior abilities, and exalted virtue. Nor know I any other cause, than that of envy and malevolence, to assign, why the tribute and reward of praise and merit are held out with a palsied and niggard hand to the Poet, the Philosopher, the Artist, and the Hero. Time and observation too strongly confirm, that even the

very small pittance of praise, which is so scantily granted, is with-held until death has removed the object of that envy, and finally dropped the curtain over the worthy Man that is no more: nor seems this illiberality of mind confined to any age or country;---for, as in earlier times

“ Seven cities did contend for HOMER* *dead*,

“ Through which the *living* HOMER begg'd his bread,
so with us more enlightened Christians, DRYDEN, OTWAY,
BUTLER, GAY, LLOYD, and others, starved:---and yet
they had pompous Tombs and Epitaphs at the hands of
those who refused them a mite, to record their virtues,
and hand down to posterity that fame they so justly
merited while living. But our Author, the subject of the
following sheets, had no treatment of this sort to com-
plain of: he enjoyed life with health to a ripe old-age,
in a circle of Friends possessed of judgement and liberality,
to distinguish his abilities, and reward his merits.

Mr.

* Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, and Athens.

PAUL WHITEHEAD, &c. v

Mr. PAUL WHITEHEAD was the youngest son of Mr. EDMUND WHITEHEAD, an eminent Tradesman, who lived in the greatest credit and reputation in *Castle-Yard*, in the parish of St. *Andrew*, *Holborn*; where PAUL WHITEHEAD was born, in 1710, on St. *Paul's* day, from which circumstance he was so christened. His Father very early discovered a quick genius and promising talents in his Son, but preferred a private to a public education; for which he placed him under the care and tuition of a learned and worthy Clergyman, at *Hitchin* in *Hertfordshire*, where he received his scholastic knowledge. His love of the Muses very early discovered itself; for no sooner had he learnt to write, than all his letters and requests to his Father and Family were dressed in rhyme. He was first intended for Business, and for that purpose was placed with a Mercer in the City of *London*, with whom the ingenious Mr. LOWTH was also an Apprentice. An intimacy naturally arose between these Geniuses, which

which soon matured to a firm friendship ; for two Youths of congenial dispositions and equal talents could not but love and admire each other : but, as Trade is not calculated for men of lively parts, and Wit ill agrees with the Yard and the Ledger, these young Bards soon began to spread the *Pegasean* wing, and explore new scenes and characters. Mr. LOWTH attached himself to the Theatre, and became an intimate friend of Mr. QUIN ; which afterwards brought Mr. WHITEHEAD to the knowledge of FLEETWOOD,---an acquaintance most unfortunate and dishonourable to him ; for he took the advantage of his generous disposition, and got him to be jointly engaged in a bond of £3000. After Mr. WHITEHEAD left the City, he retired to the Temple, and studied the Law with unremitting diligence. It was thence he first threw out his political squibs, and publicly appeared an Author, though the bond-debt to Mr. FLEETWOOD's creditors long confined him within the walls of the *Fleet* prison ; which

im-

imprisonment he bore for years without a sigh, and with a fortitude that did honour to human nature. The first whimsical circumstance, which drew the eyes of the world upon him, was his introduction of the Mock Procession of Masonry, in which Mr. Squire CAREY gave him much assistance; and so powerful was the laugh and satire against that secret Society, that the anniversary parade was laid aside from that period.*

In the contested Election for *Westminster*, in 1751, between Mr. TRENTHAM and Sir GEORGE VANDEPUT, WHITEHEAD engaged on the part of Sir GEORGE, and exerted himself at every point to support his interest, by personally heading great mobs, and writing songs and paragraphs for the occasion: but here the *Argumentum Baculinum* was so prevalent, that prosecutions teemed from the fountain of Law; and the Hon. ALEXANDER MURRAY fell under the severest rigour of persecution and imprisonment,

* There is a humorous print extant, designed by WHITEHEAD.

ment; whose case Mr. WHITEHEAD stated in a pamphlet to the world in a very masterly manner, to the shame and disgrace of the great Duke who so illiberally interested himself against the Liberty of the Subject. False evidences were procured in this case against Mr. MURRAY; and his commitment became the debate and bets of *White's*, where the Sporting Legislators of *England* laid wagers according to the opinion of his case. Whether those, who betted for his confinement, exerted themselves to procure it, I cannot determine; but every unworthy wheel was put in motion to rack Mr. MURRAY, who, on the 6th day of *February*, 1751, was committed a close prisoner to *Newgate*; and, though he had been ill for several days, he was placed in a room, the windows of which were shattered, and the walls wet, proceeding from the unwholesome situation of the place. These unsalutary circumstances increasing his disorder, the third day brought on a violent fever: he requested an

Apothe-

Apothecary to attend him ; but what was granted to the most flagitious offender, was absolutely refused to him. In every distress, with every disorder, refused the sight of his Relations and Friends, did Mr. MURRAY ten weeks support the rigour of this inhuman treatment ; and *only* for not making an humble submission on his knees to the House of Commons. Mr. MURRAY now determining to apply for the relief of the *Habeas-Corpus* Act, Counsel was first to be procured ; but among the swarms of Legal Orators, not one of eminence was found with resolution to engage in the cause of so *obnoxious a Client* : the *British* Inquisition had struck a panic throughout the regions of Law and Justice, until his Brother, the Lord ELIBANK, prevailed on the late Sir JOHN PHILLIPS to become the advocate of his distresses. This business Sir JOHN cheerfully engaged in, and in a manly manner pleaded for his Client : but it was all in vain ; the Puisne Judges pronounced the mortifying sentence of his return to his

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dungeon ;

dungeon ; founded upon this principle of Law, ‘ that
 ‘ the House of Commons was a superior Court of Ju-
 ‘ dicature to the *King’s-Bench*.’ Says WHITEHEAD,
 “ What then is become of the boasted Barrier of *British*
 “ Liberty, the *Habeas-corpus* Act? What shall di-
 “ stinguish *Britons* from those who groan under the
 “ most arbitrary Governments, if subject to the like op-
 “ pressions of Tyranny? and what shall defend a Free
 “ People, when even their Representatives shall think
 “ fit to constitute themselves their Judges, and wan-
 “ tonly inflict severest pains and penalties by virtue of
 “ their mere will and pleasure?”

Thus for five months did this Gentleman endure a
 noxious prison ; nor was relieved but by the prorogation
 of Parliament, on the 25th of *June*, which put an end
 to the session, and his imprisonment. “ If there lives
 “ any one so abandoned to a love of Slavery, as to re-
 “ main unmoved by this narrative, I shall leave him
 “ in

“ in possession of his chains, and think them the most
 “ suitable ornaments for so degenerate a Member of a
 “ free Country. But satisfied I am, every uncorrupted
 “ *Briton* will be roused at a scene, much more becoming
 “ the meridian of an *Oriental* Tyranny, than the region of
 “ *British* Liberty ; and, though the injury done a private
 “ Subject of the Community should make little impression,
 “ yet surely the wound, which the Constitution itself
 “ has received through him, must awaken the most
 “ alarming apprehensions. What has been the fate of
 “ one, may prove that of thousands ; especially when it
 “ is considered, that the Statesman is no less apt to quote
 “ the authority of Precedent than the Lawyer. Who
 “ then, at any future Election, shall be hardy enough
 “ to exercise the rights of a free Elector, when even an
 “ approach to the Hustings, without a ministerial pass-
 “ port, has been deemed so criminal ? Who, hereafter,
 “ but must tamely acquiesce in the authoritative decision
 “ of

“ of a Returning Officer, when a regular impeachment of it
“ is held to be such a Parliamentary profanation? These
“ essentials in their creation once removed, must not an
“ House of Commons become rather a *Turkish* Divan
“ than a *British* Representative? When one part of the
“ Legislature assumes a privilege peculiar to another, or
“ wrests the cognizance of causes from those Courts
“ erected for the determination of them, what con-
“ fusion will not arise in the system of Government?
“ And, indeed, what security the people are to expect in
“ such an Anarchy of Administration, the case of
“ Mr. MURRAY too fatally evinces. Though the Law of
“ the Land has provided, that every Subject shall be
“ tried by his Jury, have we not seen a particular power
“ uniting the three inconsistent capacities of Judge,
“ Jury, and Prosecutor?”---Thus Mr. WHITEHEAD con-
cludes his spirited pamphlet on behalf of Mr. MURRAY,
whose oppressions deserved the arm of every *Englishman*

to

to relieve, and the pity of every susceptible heart.* These public controversies made our Author soon known and esteemed ; and, as the party of the Prince of *Wales's* Court began to embody, he sided with his Royal Highness's partisans, and became the Champion and Bard of *Leicester-House*. The first pieces which he gave to the world, that drew him any fame, were, *The State Dunces*, and *Manners*, a Satire. The first was written in 1733, and inscribed to Mr. POPE ; the last was published in 1738. These compositions very early declare our Author's Political principles, which were strictly Republican ; animated with the inspiring zeal for Liberty,---a patriot flame that always burns the purest in the breasts of
Men

* I would have printed this Pamphlet with the Works of Mr. WHITEHEAD, but it was not interesting enough to stand in the Volume, and therefore I have given long extracts from it. C. PUGH printed it, in *Fleet-street*, in 1751, for six-pence, with this title, "The Case of the Hon. ALEXANDER MURRAY, Esq, in an Appeal to the People of *Great-Britain* ; more particularly the Inhabitants of the City and Liberty of *Westminster*."

Men of Genius. But must we not be surpris'd to see our Author a constant attendant at Court, yet in all his Writings so oppos'd to it? But we can answer this with truth: it was not an alteration of principle, but to accompany his friends, whom he never deserted.

“ While cringing crouds at faithless Levees wait,
 “ Fond to be Fools of Fame, or Slaves of State;
 “ How blest'd thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
 “ Peace thy companion, Fame thy faithful friend!

State Dunces.

“ Well---of all plagues, which make mankind their
 “ sport,
 “ Guard me, ye Heav'ns! from that worst plague---
 “ a Court.

“ 'Midst the mad mansions of *Moor-fields*, I'd be
 “ A straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock majesty,
 “ Rather than Sovereign rule *Britannia's* fate,
 “ Curs'd with the follies, and the farce of State.

“ Than

“ Than Crowns, ye Gods, be any state my doom,

“ Or any dungeon, but---a Drawing-Room.

This address to Patriotism is inspired, manly, and poetical.

“ Thrice happy Patriot ! whom no Courts debase,

“ No Titles lessen, and no Stars disgrace.

“ Still nod the Plumage o’er the brainless head ;

“ Still o’er the faithless heart the Ribband spread ;

“ While You, with *Roman* Virtue arm’d, disdain

“ The tinsel trappings and the glitt’ring chain ;

“ Fond of your Freedom spurn the venal Fee,

“ And prove He’s only *Great*---who dare be Free.

This is truly the language of Genius and Patriotism, and bespeaks the Author a natural and avowed enemy to Kings and arbitrary power.

Speaking of Honour in the same Poem, his language is manly, easy, and *sententious*.

“ Ask

“ Ask ye, What's Honour ? I'll the truth impart.

“ Know, honour, then, is Honesty of Heart.

“ To the sweet scenes of social *Stow* repair,

“ And search the Master's breast---You'll find it there.

“ Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,

“ It only harbours with the Wise and Brave.

“ Blush to behold this Ray of Nature made

“ The victim of a Ribband, or Cockade.

No lines can be more animated than these, which highly bespeak the dignity of the Man, and his noble spirit of Honour and Independence.

“ Perish my verse ! whene'er one venal line

“ Bedaub's a Duke, or makes a King divine.

“ First bid me swear, he's found who has the plague,

“ Or HORACE rivals STANHOPE at the *Hague*.

“ What ! shall I turn a Pandar to the Throne,

“ And list with BELL to roar for Half-a-Crown ?

Manners.

This Poem, in which there are many beauties, concludes with a compliment to the Prince of *Wales*.

The reputation which this Poem procured him, appears from the various Editions it passed through; and was the means afterwards of producing another, under the title of *Honour*, not inferior in the spirit of Poetry and Patriot Virtue. It is by these compositions we are to judge of Mr. WHITEHEAD: by his Poesy we must conclude him to be blessed with a peculiar enthusiasm for Public Virtue; and the severity, with which he lashes private vices and public crimes, does honour to his heart and understanding: yet the company which he kept, laid him under the censure of the world, from the suspicion of his being a Tory; though no man speaks with such zeal and warmth against Kings and Courts, or breathes a more genuine spirit of Independence.

“ I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
“ And praise a Blockhead’s wit, because he’s great.
“ See with what zeal yon tiny Insect burns,
“ And follows Queens from palaces to urns ;
“ A Mitre may repay his heav’nly Crown,
“ And, while he decks her brow, adorn his own.

Manners.

Thus again in his Poem of *Honour*,

“ Guilt still is guilt, to me, in Slave or King,
“ Fetter’d in Cells, or garter’d in the Ring :
“ And yet, behold how various the reward,
“ WILD falls a Felon, WALPOLE mounts a Lord !
“ Blaze, meteors, blaze ! to me is still the same
“ The Cart of Justice, and the Coach of Shame.
“ Vice levels all, however high or low ;
“ And all the diff’rence but consists in show :
“ Who asks an alms, or supplicates a Place,
“ Alike is beggar, though in rags or lace ;

“ Alike

“ Alike his Country’s scandal, and its curse,
 “ Who vends a Vote, or who purloins a purse ;
 “ Thy Gamblers, *Bridewell*, and *Saint James’s* Bites,
 “ The Rooks of *Mordington’s*, and Sharks at *White’s*.

Honour.

Mr. WHITEHEAD’s associates and his principles were so very different, that I am inclined to believe, it was rather an unshaken friendship, and gratitude to those who had first taken him up, when he launched on the *Mare criticum* as a Poet, that produced such a steadiness on his part, than any party prejudice, or bias to partial men ; for we see Mr. WHITEHEAD, through a long and honourable life, uniform, respected, ingenuous, and beloved. His works are apparently a strong imitation of Mr. POPE ; for, that Author’s metre being the mode of the day, he rather chose to be an humble Imitator of one universally famous, than a small Original without weight to attract the attention of the world : and, though this

hath been the case of many others besides himself, yet there is as much risk of the Poet's reputation, as of the Painter's, or the Actor's;---for, unfortunately for men in general, when they become professed Imitators, they are often apt to rest in the defects, rather than in the beauties, of those they copy. But, as there is no general rule without an exception, so WHITEHEAD obtained fame by boldly venturing on the same *Pegasus* that carried POPE; and, if he failed in smoothness and accuracy, he made ample amends by the boldness and manliness of his satire; for, if POPE rode this *Parnassian* Racer lighter and easier, WHITEHEAD rode bolder and with more manly grace. Great Poets, Painters, and Actors, have ever spawned myriads of tiny Imitators: we have had a legion of little MILTONS, and less POPES; and GUIDO and ANGELO have made as many inferior pencils, as they had hairs in their brushes: even the late glorious and manly CHURCHILL produced Bardlings like
the

the teeth of *Cadmus' Dragon*, **who**, without the vigour and poignancy to slay each other, died as soon as they were born. There cannot be an excelling Man in any country, but he gives birth to thousands ; but to such abortions Mr. WHITEHEAD was an exception, for he did honour to the Man he condescended to imitate. It is the same with Actors : we have seen a thousand wee-GARRICKS, but all their imitations were errors : and stars of a less lustre have been copied ; the Roar of HOLLAND, the Whining of POWELL, and the Gnashing of BARRY, have all had adopters. Original Genius is a flower of so rare a growth, and Nature is so barren in her production of it, that, whenever it lifts its brilliant and beautiful head above the surface of its mother Earth, the inferior race of men croud around to admire, to snatch a virtue and a grace, and, pleased with its qualities, attempt with infinite labour at imitation.

Where

Where Mr. WHITEHEAD failed in genius, he rose in judgement; but a manly expression, and an easy-flowing stream of Poesy, marked his descent from the fountain of *Helicon*; nor was he without true humour, as his *Gymnasiad* will prove, which was written in ridicule of a brutish custom of Boxing, of which the illustrious Duke of CUMBERLAND (famous for the defeat of the Rebel Army in 1745) was a great encourager. This Poem was printed in Three Books, about 1748, and addressed, in a burlesque manner, to the most Puissant and Invincible Mr. J. BROUGHTON, who was the Champion of the Athletic Race. Thus he describes him, when entering on a battle with STEPHENSON:

“ Now *Neptune's* Offspring, dreadfully serene,
“ Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,
“ Steps forth, and 'midst the fated Lifts appears;
“ Rev'rend his form, but yet not worn with years.

“ Soon

“ Soon as the Ring their ancient Warrior view’d,
 “ Joy fill’d their hearts, and thund’ring shouts ensu’d ;
 “ Loud as when o’er *Thamesis*’ gentle flood,
 “ Superior with the *Triton* Youths he row’d ;
 “ While far a-head his winged Wherry flew,
 “ Touch’d the glad shore, and claim’d the *Badge* its
 “ due.

The preparation for the Combat is well described,
 and the allusions made to the Classic Authors are truly
 humorous and good ; and *Latinizing* the *English* names
 adds a higher colour to the burlesque of this *Hockley-in-*
the-Hole Poefy, where the Olympic Games are celebrated
 in a novel style.

“ This said---the Heroes for the Fight prepare,
 “ Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.
 “ The sturdy sinews all aghast behold,
 “ And ample shoulders of *Atléan* mould ;

“ Like

“ Like *Titan*'s offspring, who 'gainst Heaven strove,

“ So each, though mortal, seem'd a match for *Jove*.

The description of the Fight is truly poetical.

“ Full in the centre now they fix in form,

“ Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm ;

“ With wily feints each other now provoke,

“ And cautious meditate th' impending stroke.

“ Th' impatient Youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,

“ First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim ;

“ The wary Warrior, watchfull of his foe,

“ Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow ;

“ With erring glance it founded by his ear,

“ And, whizzing, spent its idle force in air.

There is no objection to be made to this Poem, but a carelessness in the metre, which must be attributed to an attention of preserving the sense, and not to Mr. WHITE-HEAD's want of an harmonious ear ;---and yet no *Irish*

Bard

Bard would have classed these words together for rhimes, *East, vest ;---impel, quill ;---wait, bleat ;---flood, row'd, &c.* But in this particular we may say of Mr. WHITEHEAD, as DRYDEN did of OLDHAM,*

“ But Satire needs not those, and Wit will shine

“ Through the harsh cadence of a rugged line ;

“ A noble error, and but seldom made,

“ When Poets are by too much force betray'd.

After this period Mr. WHITEHEAD little concerned himself with the fame of Writing ; nor have we any material composition of his extant, after his Epistle to Doctor THOMPSON. He amused himself with a few light Songs, and Epigrams ; and, if he finished any other work of more voluminous and material consequence, it went in the general conflagration three days before his death,

e

which

* An elegant Edition of this Author is lately published by Captain THOMPSON.

which he passed entirely in burning his papers. The Epitaph which he wrote to the memory of JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE, though at the request of his Duchess, gave her great offence, because Mr. WHITEHEAD placed his name at the bottom of it, as follows.

Briton, behold, if Patriot Worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear !
Silent that tongue admiring Senates heard,
Nerveless that arm opposing Legions fear'd !
Nor less, O CAMPBELL ! thine the pow'r to please,
And give to Grandeur all the grace of Ease.
Long, from thy life, let kindred Heroes trace
Arts which ennoble still the noblest race.
Others may owe their future fame to Me ;*
I borrow immortality from Thee.

P. WHITEHEAD.

The

* Supposed to be written by *History*.

The insertion of his name at the bottom of the Epitaph caused a command to erase it: the indignity immediately produced this just and poignant Epigram, which was never before published.

O'er the Tombs as pale *Envy* was hov'ring around,
The *manes* of each hallow'd Hero to wound ;
On ARGYLE's when she saw only Truth was related
Of him, whom alive she most mortally hated,
And finding the record adopted by *Fame*,
In revenge to the Poet---she *gnaw'd* out his name.

When any person could treat Mr. WHITEHEAD with such unbecoming arrogance, the pen of the Poet naturally became his defence and their shame.

So great an *hiatus* in Mr. WHITEHEAD's compositions is accounted for by the burning of his Manuscripts; and, could he have called in and collected the poems already printed, they would have certainly undergone the same

condemnation. He seems, in this particular, to have had the same idea with Mr. CHURCHILL.

“ Let none of those, whom, blest’d with parts above

“ My feeble genius,—————

“ Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,

“ And call it mine,—————

“ Know all the world, no greedy Heir shall find,

“ Die when I will, one couplet left behind.

CHURCHILL.

But, though CHURCHILL and WHITEHEAD have both violently thrown out this idea, yet it has proved not strictly true; for I have by me many manuscript compositions written by both these Gentlemen; and, which makes their originality incontrovertible, they are written with their own hands. However, I am happy they had not an opportunity of fulfilling their resolution; but, in justice to the memory of both, I shall not expose a line, that will fully that
repu-

reputation their pens procured them while they lived. From the Writings of CHURCHILL one would conclude, that he had a very particular enmity to P. WHITEHEAD ; but, to do him justice, he had enmity to no man : very few breasts ever boasted more philanthropy, charity, and honour. In the course of his Satires on the living Authors, he has thrown out some phlegm against our Bard, and upon these principles ; that no man ever exclaimed so highly against Courts and Courtiers, and yet Mr. WHITEHEAD accepted of a lucrative place, when his generous Patron came into power.

“ When I look backward for some fifty years,

“ And see protesting *Patriots* turn'd to *Peers* ;*

“ See men transform'd-----

“ See WHITEHEAD take a Place, RALPH† change his pen ;

“ I

* Sir FRANCIS DASHWOOD, afterwards Lord LE DESPENCER.

† Once a violent Writer against the Court, conjointly with Mr. JAMES LACEY ; but was taken up by the Earl of BUTE, and became
a par-

“ I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,

“ Who rail at Ministers, and curse a Court.

CHURCHILL'S *Conference*.

This part of Mr. WHITEHEAD's conduct might be reprehensible, particularly in the eyes of CHURCHILL, who was so very violent in his Politics, that all men who thought differently from him were sure of feeling his flail of Satire. But the favor, which Mr. WHITEHEAD received from his noble and generous patron, Lord LE DESPENCER, was no proof of his alteration of opinion in regard to Courts and Courtiers: his Lordship gave him the income to make him comfortable in the vale of life, and to prove a testimony of his esteem and friendship; and as Mr. WHITEHEAD made no base, no
pro-

a partisan of the Prince of *Wales's* Court. Mr. JAMES LACEY succeeded FLEETWOOD as Manager of *Drury-Lane* Theatre; a man of sound judgement, integrity, and firmness of mind; with a head to contrive, and a hand to effect great achievements.

prostituted use of such an increase of his fortune, he was not at all censurable. We never heard, after his acceptance of this annuity, of adulatory Odes, or a drop of ink from his pen, that either betrayed his heart, or sullied the purity of his character; and therefore the severe parenthesis, which CHURCHILL introduces in this couplet, is very undeserving and ungenerous.

“ May I (*can worse disgrace on Manhood fall?*)

“ Be born a WHITEHEAD, and baptiz'd a *Paul*.”

Where could be the disgrace in being born a WHITEHEAD? especially a WHITEHEAD that moved through life, reputed for sense, friendship, virtue, and honesty. But it was a *Parnassian* squib, that just flashed across his brain; and the rhymes of *fall* and *Paul* chinked together, and made a laugh among his friends, against those admired and esteemed by the then Sir FRANCIS DASHWOOD. In short, it was one of CHURCHILL's *jeux d'esprit*, in which
he

he meant to be neither illiberal nor ill-natured. It is amazing how parties in Politics change the opinions and dispositions of men. In the more early hour of Mr. WILKES's life, when he resided in *Aylesbury*, and was Colonel of the *Buckinghamshire* Militia, he was the constant and facetious friend of the Lord SANDWICH and Sir F. DASHWOOD ; nay, a member of the *Mednam* Club, where he was honoured with a Mitre, and the title of *John of Aylesbury* : but the impeachment by the Earl of SANDWICH for the *Essay on Woman* (which was not his composition) threw this Society into confusion, and the orgies were revealed by this false Monk, in a Book printed by him when a prisoner in the *King's-Bench*, wherein he takes an opportunity to explain these lines of CHURCHILL's.

“ Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,

“ At *Mednam* lies, by backward Monks undone ;

“ A

“ A Nation’s reck’ning, like an Ale-house score,

“ Whilst PAUL *the aged* chalks behind a door ;

“ Compell’d to hire a foe to cast it up ;

“ DASHWOOD shall pour, from a Communion-cup,

“ Libations to the Goddess without eyes,*

“ And hob-or-nob in Cyder and Excise.

The Candidate.

“ *Mednam* Abbey is a very large house on the banks
 “ of the *Thames*, near *Marlow* in *Buckinghamshire*. It
 “ was formerly a Convent of *Cistercian* Monks. The
 “ situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods,
 “ soft meadows, a crystal stream, and a grove of vene-
 “ rable old elms near the house, with the retiredness
 “ of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat,
 “ as the most poetical imagination could create. Sir
 “ FRANCIS DASHWOOD, Sir THOMAS STAPLETON, PAUL
 “ WHITEHEAD, Mr. WILKES, and other Gentlemen, to the

f

“ number

* Bona Dea.

“ number of twelve, rented the Abbey, and often retired
“ there in the summer. Among other amusements, they
“ had sometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous
“ rites of the foreign Religious Orders of the *Church of*
“ *Rome*; of the *Franciscans* in particular, for the Gen-
“ tlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir
“ FRANCIS DASHWOOD. *Paul the aged* was Secretary and
“ Steward to the Order. Mr. WILKES had not been at
“ the Abbey for many months before the publication of
“ this poem, in 1764.---No profane eye has dared to
“ penetrate into the *Englisb* Eleusinian mysteries of the
“ chapter-room, where the Monks assembled on all
“ solemn occasions, the more secret rites were performed,
“ and *libations poured forth* in much pomp to the BONA
“ DEA. I shall only venture to relate what many
“ mortal eyes have seen, and *sit mihi fas audita loqui*.

“ Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription
“ on *Rabelais's* Abbey of *Theleme*, *Fay ce que voudras*;
and

“ and at the end of the passage, over the door, *Aude,*
 “ *hospes, contemnere opes.* At one end of the Refectory
 “ was HARPOCRATES, the *Egyptian* God of Silence; at
 “ the other, the Goddess ANGERONA, which seemed to
 “ imply, that the same duty was enjoined both sexes.
 “ The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring
 “ woods, all bespoke the loves and frailties of the
 “ younger Monks, who seemed, at least, to have sinned
 “ naturally. You saw in one place, *Ici pâma de joie*
 “ *des mortels le plus heureux*---in another, very imper-
 “ fectly, *mourut un amant sur le sein de sa dame*---in a
 “ third, *en cet endroit mille baisers de flamme furent*
 “ *donnés, et mille autres rendus.* Against a fine old
 “ oak was

Hic Satyrum Naias victorem victa subegit.

“ At the entrance of a cave was *Venus*, stooping to pull
 “ a thorn out of her foot. The statue turned from you,

“ and just over the two nether hills of snow were these
 “ lines of VIRGIL :

“ *Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas :*

“ *Hac iter Elyzium nobis ; at læva malorum*

“ *Exercet pœnas, et ad impia Tartara mittit.*

“ On the inside, over a mossy couch, was the following
 “ exhortation :

“ *Ite, agite, ó juvenes ; pariter sudate medullis*

“ *Omnibus inter vos ; non murmura vestra columbæ,*

“ *Brachia non hederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ.*

“ The favourite doctrine of the Abbey is certainly
 “ not *penitence* ; for in the centre of the orchard was a
 “ very grotesque figure, and in his hand a reed stood
 “ *flaming, tipt with fire*, to use MILTON's words ; and
 “ you might trace out

PENI TENTO,

non

PENITENTI.

“ On

“ On the pedestal was a whimsical representation of
 “ *Trophonius*’s cave, whence all creatures were said to
 “ come out melancholy. Among that strange, dismal
 “ group, you might, however, mark a Cock crowing,
 “ and a *Carmelite* laughing. The words *gallum galli-*
 “ *naceum, et sacerdotem gratis*, were only legible.*

“ Near the Abbey was a small, neat temple, erected
 “ to *Cloacina*, with the following inscription,---This
 “ Chapel of Ease was founded in the year 1760.---Facing
 “ the entrance on the side,

“ *Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,*

“ *Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*†

Some

* Omne animal post coïtum triste est, præter gallum gallinaceum,
 et sacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

† There is a letter following this account, in a more falacious
 style, said to have been first printed in the St. James’s Chronicle;
 but, as it did not concern Mr. WHITEHEAD, and was rather the pro-
 duction of spleen against a noble Peer, I have therefore omitted it.

Some may observe that, in this Life of Mr. WHITEHEAD, I might have drawn a veil over the faces of the Monks, as well as the Nuns, of *Mednam*; but, while the mention of the Abbey and the mysteries of the Institution stand forth so ostensibly under the hands of WILKES and CHURCHILL, others might think, and with equal propriety conclude, there was more meant than even met the ear. Now all that can be drawn from the publication of these ceremonies is, that a set of worthy, jolly fellows, happy disciples of *Venus* and *Bacchus*, got occasionally together, to celebrate Woman in wine; and, to give more zest to the festive meeting, they plucked every luxurious idea from the ancients, and enriched their own modern pleasures with the addition of classic luxury. To this seminary of the *Bons-vivans* Mr. WHITEHEAD was Secretary, who might humorously greet the Brotherhood, "*Paul to the Mednamites.*" I have seen a Poetic Epistle to that purpose; and, when expostulating with
the

the Arch-fiend to rather spare him, and take some of the other Twelve, he humorously and wittily says,

“ Why on me then, alone, should your vengeance

“ thus fall ?

“ Why not *Thomas*, or *Francis*, as well as *St. Paul* ?

“ On *Aylesbury John* why your anger not place,

“ Who, all must allow, is so *brim-full of grace* ?”

However, this was a time when they were all in good-humour with each other, and the Monks of the Convent were sleek and fat. Parties in Politics running so high at the time of the publication of the *North Briton*, made every individual, like drowning men, catch at feeble straws to uphold themselves, though ever so fatal to those who were swimming in the same tempestuous ocean ; so CHURCHILL, after describing the real majesty of a Bard, draws most *unfairly* the following picture for our ingenious and ingenuous Author, which I will give, because

truth

truth and honesty can boldly controvert and overwhelm it.
Speaking in the person of one who is supposed to patronise Mr. WHITEHEAD,

- “ I’ve kept a Bard myself this twenty years,
“ But nothing of this kind in him appears.
“ He, like a thorough true-bred Spaniel, licks
“ The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks;
“ He fetches, and he carries, blacks my shoes,
“ Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse.
“ A creature of the right Cameleon hue,
“ He wears my colours, Yellow or True-blue,
“ Just as I wear them ; ’tis all one to him,
“ Whether I change through conscience, or through
“ whim.
“ Now this is something like ; on such a plan
“ A Bard may find a friend in a Great Man :
“ But this proud Coxcomb---Zounds! I thought that all
“ Of this queer tribe had been like my *old* PAUL.

CHURCHILL’S *Independence*.

To be sure, Mr. CHURCHILL hath, in this picture, reduced the majesty of a Bard below all nature ; and, as the great *forte* of a Poet lies in fiction, I do candidly pronounce this the most poetical, characteristical fiction he ever gave to the world ; for, as honour, honesty, manly sense, and obstinate virtue, most strongly marked the lines of Mr. WHITEHEAD's character, it is therefore in no respect consistent, that the above delineation can be any likeness of the original. Enough of CHURCHILL.

In the year 1751, when his Royal Highness FREDERICK, Prince of *Wales*, died, whose case was supposed to be mistaken by the Physicians who attended him, our Author was then made easy in his circumstances by the friendship and munificence of his Patron : and from his villa on *Twickenham-Heath* he issued his EPISTLE TO DOCTOR THOMPSON, who was his bosom friend and companion, and one whom Nature had endowed with singular virtues, and virtuous singularities. To a
 g most

most excellent mind was joined a good heart; and perhaps it might be the congeniality of their souls, that mutually wove the web of their friendship. The death of the Prince drew all eyes upon his Physicians; and THOMPSON having objected to their method of treating his Highness, this produced a physical resentment against him, he was never able to stem: and, to be sure, a man may be as well hunted by the hounds of the Inquisition, as by a tribe so deadly.

“ While You, my THOMPSON, spite of Med’cine, save,

“ Mark how the College peoples ev’ry grave!

“ See MEAD transfer estates from Sire to Son,

“ And * * bar succession to a Throne! †

“ See SHAW scarce leave the passing-bell a Fee,

“ And N * fet the captive husband free!

“ Though

† Nothing shews the lenity and humanity of Mr. WHITEHEAD, equal to the omission of this Physician’s name; and, as the point was so delicate with him, I do not feel a right to supply the *hiatus*.

“ Though widow’d *Julia* giggles in her weed,

“ Yet who arraigns the Doctor for the deed ?

“ O’er life and death all absolute his will,

“ Right the Prescription, whether cure or kill.

Athough Mr. WHITEHEAD met with many friends, and additions to his fortune, yet he was never in a state of indigence, or cramped by sudden reverses of fortune ; for, in the year 1735, he had the sum of £10,000 by his wife, Miss ANNA DYER, a most amiable Lady, and the only daughter of Sir SWINNERTON DYER, Bart. of *Spains-Hall*, in *Essex* : and therefore, as if the world were suspicious of his penury, he asks Dr. THOMPSON,

“ E’er wants my table the health-chearing meal,

“ With *Banstead* Mutton crown’d, or *Essex* Veal ?

“ Smokes not from *Lincoln* meads the stately Loin,

“ Or rosy Gammon of *Hantonian* Swine ?

“ From

“ From *Darkin*’s rooſts the Feather’d victims bleed,

“ And *Thames* ſtill wafts me Ocean’s ſcaly breed.

“ Though *Gallia*’s Vines their coſtly juice deny,

“ Still *Tajo*’s* banks the jocund glaſs ſupply ;

“ Still diſtant worlds nectareous treasures roll,

“ And either *India* ſparkles in my bowl.

“ Rich in theſe gifts, why ſhould I wiſh for more ?

“ Why barter conſcience for ſuperfluous ſtore ?

There is, throughout this little poem, ſuch a picture of the content and independence of the Author’s mind, that we may truly conclude the evening of his days was eaſy and tranquil, without the ruffle of a Boreal blaſt. To this hermitage of his Muſe his very particular Friends reſorted, where he always entertained them with a peculiar, jocoſe vein of humour ; and ſhewed

* The river *Tagus*, famous for its character among the ancients ; the principal river of Portugal, and known for its rapidity and golden ſands.

Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis.

Sil. xvi. 559.

showed such a conviviality of soul, that all were gay and festive with him. He was a most facetious companion, and truly merited those golden epithets, *ingenious* and *ingenuous*. For many years he was a favorite member of the original, classic, Beef-steak Club, famous for its heterogeneity of character; consisting of all such, in whatever rank of life, as were celebrated for wit and pleasantry, whether Patricians or Plebeians, Peers, Poets, Players, &c. As few were admitted into this Society, but who were agreeable to the rest of the Club, it was by such caution established on the happiest convivial footing; and, by such meetings, friendships were formed that did honour to the parties. Mr. BEARD, Mr. RICH, Mr. EBENEZER FOREST, and Mr. HAVARD, were the choice companions and friends of our Author, to whom I am severally obliged for many favors towards the compilation and completion of this work. With such friends, and an

easy

easy competence, Mr. WHITEHEAD enjoyed life to the full maturity of the rich fere leaf.

“ My ease and freedom if for aught I vend,

“ Would you not cry, To *Bedlam*, *Bedlam*, Friend !

“ But to speak out---shall what could ne'er engage

“ My frailer youth, now captivate in age ?

“ What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,

“ To him whose shield is hoary Sixty-three ?

“ Although grown grey within my humbler gate,

“ I ne'er kifs'd Hands, or trod the rooms of State ;

“ Yet not unhonour'd have I liv'd, and blest

“ With rich convenience, careless of the rest :

“ What boon more grateful can the Gods bestow

“ On those avow'd their fav'rite sons below ?

And though, from the company Mr. WHITEHEAD kept,
the world was willing to make him a Tory ; yet this
couplet

couplet weighs more with me than all his foes can utter,
and stamps him an honest Man, and a noble Republican.

“ No friend to *faction*, and no dupe to zeal,

“ Foe to all party, but the Public Weal.

And certainly these were the rules and inclinations of his life ; for he never troubled his mind about the parties of State, but stole to his retreat from the throng, enchanted with the Muse and her lay.

“ Safe, in the harbour of my *Twick'nam* bower,

“ From all the wrecks of State, or storms of Power ;

“ No Wreaths I court, no Subsidies I claim,

“ Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.

“ Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,

“ And halcyon Peace broods watchful o'er my gates.

With all these blessings, as real as poetical, he ever distinguishes his THOMPSON from his other friends; and
seems

seems to indicate a *vacuum* in his blifs, if without him, though poffessed of every other thing that Health, Fortune, and the Mufe, could give.

“ THOMPSON, what place enjoys thee, or what friend ?

“ Say, if in *Eastbury*'s* majestic towers,

“ Or wrapt in *Afbley*'s* amarantine bowers ;

“ O'er PELHAM's Politics in judgment fit,

“ Reform the laws of Nations, or of Wit ?

There was a fimilitude of manners, and a cognation of fentiment, between thefe Gentlemen, that made each other's converfe pleafing ; and, though Mr. WHITEHEAD was neither fo eccentric or flovenly as the Doctor, yet there was a mental participation that proved their fouls to be congenial. Doctor THOMPSON was, without doubt, the moft whimfical character, as a Scholar, a Wit, and a Gentleman, that I have met with ; and, to tell you in fmall what he might be in great, he never had his
fhoes

* The Seats of the Lords *Melcomb* and *Middlefex*.

shoes cleaned, but bought them at the *Yorkshire* Warehouse, wore them till his toes were through the upper leather, and then shook them off at the same place, and put on a new pair; and thus did he with all his other habiliments. But take Mr. WHITEHEAD's character of his Friend, from his own hand-writing.

A Recipe for Doctor THOMPSON.

LET not the soil of a preceding day be ever seen on your Linen; since your enemies will be apt to impute it rather to an unhappy scarcity of Shirts, than any philosophical negligence in the wearer of them.

Let not father Time's dilapidations be discoverable in the ragged ruins of your garments; and be particularly careful that no more holes appear in your Stockings than the weaver intended; that your Shoes preserve the symmetry of two heels; and that your Galligaskins betray

no Poetical *Insignia* ; for it will be generally concluded, he has very little to do with the repair of others Constitutions, who is unable to preserve that of his own Apparel.

Let your Wig always swell to the true College dimensions ; and, as frequently as possible, let the Apothecary Bob give way to the Graduate Tye ; for, what notable recommendation the Head often receives from the copiousness of its furniture, the venerable Full-bottoms of the Bench may determine.

Thus dressed, let your Chariot be always ready to receive you ; nor be ever seen trudging the streets with an *Herculean* Oak, and bemired to the knees ; since an equipage so unfuitable to a sick Lady's chamber will be apt to induce a belief, that you have no summons thither.

Forbear to haunt Cooks Shops, Hedge-Alehouses, Cyder-Cellars, &c. and to display your oratory in those
inferior

inferior regions ; for, however this may agree with your Philosophical character, it will by no means enhance your Physical one.

Never stay telling a long story in a Coffee-house, when you may be writing a short recipe in a Patient's chamber ; and prudently consider, that the first will cost you Sixpence, while the last will gain you a Guinea.

Never go out in the morning without leaving word where you may be met with at noon ; never depart at noon without letting it be known where you may be found at night ; for the sick are apt to be peevish and impatient ; and remember, that suffering a Patient to want you, is the ready way for you to want a Patient.

Be mindful of all messages, punctual to all appointments, and let but your industry equal your abilities ; then shall your Physical Persecutors become abashed, and the Legions of *Warwick-Lane* and *Black-Fryars* shall not be able to prevail against you.

Lastly, read these Rules every morning over your tea, and I fancy you will find yourself mend upon it.*

P. W.

If these whimsies marked the *petite* part of Dr. THOMPSON's† character, the nobler parts infinitely overbalanced such peccadillos.

“ Yet,

* Dr. THOMPSON was a peculiar flover, and, in the practice of a Physician, an utter and declared enemy to Muffins, which he always forbad his patients. Being one day upon a visit to Lord MELCOMBE, at *Hammer Smith*, with Mr. GARRICK, Mr. P. WHITEHEAD, &c. the Company was assembled at breakfast long before the Doctor appeared: just as he entered the room, in an uncouth habit, Lord MELCOMBE uncovered a plate of Muffins, which THOMPSON fixing his eyes upon, with some indignation said, “ My Lord, did I not beseech “ your Lordship before, never to suffer a Muffin in your house ?” To which his Lordship archly replied, “ Doctor, I’ve an utter aversion “ to Muffins and Raggamuffins.” The pleasantry of the turn, at the Doctor’s expence, set the table in a roar.

† He wrote an excellent Treatise on the Method of treating the Small-pox.

" Yet, THOMPSON ! say (whose gift it is to save,
 " Make Sicknefs smile, and rescue from the grave)
 " Though Envy all her hissing serpents raise,
 " And join with harpy Fraud, to blast thy bays ;
 " Shall wan Disease in vain demand thy skill,
 " While Health but waits the summons of thy quill ?
 " Resume the pen ! and be, thyself, once more,
 " What RATCLIFF, FRIEND, and SYD'NHAM were before.
 " Come then, my Friend, if Friendship's name can woo,
 " Come, bring me all I want,---that all in YOU.

So particular a Man would have afforded many pleasant
 anecdotes ; but whatever Mr. WHITEHEAD thought fur-
 ther of his Friend we do not know, nor have we an Epi-
 taph extant to perpetuate the memory of so excellent a
 Gentleman. He died about the year 1760, in his 60th
 year ; beloved living, honoured for his integrity, and
 lamented by all who knew him. From this period to the
 disease of Mr. WHITEHEAD few things invaded, or inter-
 rupted,

rupted, his quiet ; nor do we know of any part he took, farther than stating the conduct of the four Managers of *Covent-Garden* Theatre, freely, impartially, and *I may add humorously*, in a pamphlet so titled : but, as the subject was but the ephemeron of the day, it is not worth adding to his works. When it is considered, that he spent three days in destroying his papers, I have gleaned many from the fatal conflagration, though I had been happy to have given more, as there is no doubt of their equal merit. The long sickness, under which Mr. WHITEHEAD lingered, prepared him gradually for his dissolution ; but I had been much better pleased with his bequeathing his works, sorted by himself, to his Patron, rather than the mortuary gift of a mortal heart : the one had proved immortal, the other is but a perishable present. Though afflicted with a disorder that no medicine would reach, yet he bore the excruciating pains of a tedious disease with a manly resignation, and thus drew up his will, on the 20th of October, 1774.

“ I do hereby charge and direct my Executors,*
 “ herein after named, to cause my body to be opened,
 “ that the Faculty may, if possible, discover, after I am
 “ dead, what they seemed totally ignorant of while I
 “ was living, the cause of my death : and I do further
 “ order, that my heart be taken out, and disposed of
 “ as under mentioned. I give to the Right Hon. Lord LE
 “ DESPENCER my heart aforesaid, together with £50. to be
 “ laid out in the purchase of a marble urn, in which I
 “ desire it may be deposited, and placed, if his Lordship
 “ pleases, in some corner of his Mausoleum, as a memorial
 “ of its warm attachment to the noble Founder.”

This gift of Mr. WHITEHEAD's heart drew many
 invidious squibs, which were as illiberal as low. About

two

* This will was proved at *London*, the 4th of June, 1775, before
 the Worshipful FRANCIS SIMPSON, Doctor of Laws, &c. Surrogate,
 by the oath of SARAH HUTCHINGS, Widow, the Sister of the deceased,
 to whom administration was granted.

two months after he had settled all his wordly affairs, he laid down a life that had been honourably passed in the variegated course of sixty-four years, on the 30th of December, 1774; and, on the 13th of August succeeding, Lord LE DESPENCER fulfilled the last request of his Friend, by depositing, in a mausoleum erected for that purpose, in his garden at *High-Wycomb*, in *Buckinghamshire*, the *Heart* of an *honest* MAN. The order of the ceremony and procession was as follows.

At half past eleven, a Company of the *Buckinghamshire* Militia with their Officers (Lord LE DESPENCER at their head) in regimentals, with crapes round their arms, seven vocal performers habited as a choir, in surplices, attended, with fifes, flutes, horns, and a drum covered with crape. The procession began with the Soldiers, &c. who marched round a spot chosen for that purpose, three several times, the Choir singing select pieces of music,

music conducted by Mr. ATTERBURY and Mr. MULSO, suitable to the occasion, accompanied with the other instruments. This finished, six Grenadiers went into the grand hall, and brought the very elegant urn of curious and variegated marble, which contained the Heart. The Epitaph upon the urn was as follows :

PAUL WHITEHEAD, ESQ.

OF TWICKENHAM,

OBIIT DEC. 30, 1774.

UNHALLOWED HANDS, THIS URN FORBEAR !

NO GEMS OR ORIENT SPOIL

LIE HERE CONCEAL'D---BUT, WHAT'S MORE RARE,

A HEART THAT KNEW* NO GUILLE !

i

On

* All the copies have given this Epitaph different. The last line thus, " a heart that *knows* no guile ;" alluding to the dead heart within the urn :—for few may conclude that Mr. WHITEHEAD would give such a panegyric on his own heart, as to say himself *it knew no guile*. However, though it is thus written in his own hand, yet it may have been the composition of a Friend, who might with much truth make this declaration of the person who animated it; and, if he said it of himself, he felt the truth of it forcibly; though all the Classic Authors have heretofore agreed—" that all a man says of himself, be " it ever so little, is all that little too much."

On one side of the urn was a medallion of white marble, of elegant workmanship, with the following curious device: three several figures, highly finished, appeared in the medallion. I could not learn the history of the first of them: the second was the image of ÆSCULAPIUS, the God of Physic, attending the Deceased in his last illness, but in vain.

The urn was carried on a bier supported by six Grenadiers, who were attended by six more as a *corps de reserve*. The rest of the Soldiers and Musicians were preceded by Mr. POWEL, Curate of *High-Wycombe*; and the urn was followed by Lord LE DESPENCER alone, the Officers and Militia-men following, two by two, which closed the procession.

The funeral march thus regulated, the procession passed in the most solemn manner through the gardens to the hill whereon the Mausoleum was erected; the time was
up-

upwards of two hours. When the procession obtained the Mausoleum, they marched three times round, to instrumental music ; and, before the urn was deposited in its niche, this incantation was sung, as set and written by Dr. ARNE.

From Earth to Heaven WHITEHEAD's soul is fled :
 Refulgent glories beam around his head !
 His Muse, concurring with resounding strings,
 Gives Angels words to praise the King of Kings.

The urn was then placed on a very elegant pedestal of white marble ; after which, minute guns were fired, and a triple salute by the soldiery. To give more dignity to this solemn celebration, the Oratorio of *Goliath* was performed in *West-Wycombe* church, having been composed for the occasion. All persons were admitted, who gave a mite to the poor-box, and a great concourse attended to pay their last respects to the guileless heart of honest
 PAUL WHITEHEAD.

Mr. WHITEHEAD left no issue by his wife, ANNA DYER, (who died very young) nor any other relation than his Sister, Mrs. SARAH HUTCHINGS, widow, and sole executrix to his estate.

I know no character, which has been less understood than that of the late Mr. WHITEHEAD; for, though he was universally known by the epithet *honest* PAUL, yet many severely censured his conduct, which seemed to differ widely from his Writings. His Satires prove him to have had an utter dislike to all Kings; and yet, in following the fortunes of his friends, he got the title of a Tory, though a firm and strenuous Republican. The great predominant bias in the character of Mr. WHITEHEAD was to a firm and pure friendship; and such virtuous philanthropy did he boast, that it was sufficient for any man to be only unfortunate, to obtain his attention and affection. A breast so open to the distresses and
miseries

miseries of mankind, was ever liable to impositions; and the first, practised upon him by FLEETWOOD, was of so severe a nature as to have almost made any man a misanthrope; but was so far from souring that milk of Human Kindness so peculiar to his breast, that no provocations of his friends, during a long imprisonment, could make him say a crude, or disrespectful word, of a man who had treated him in so nefarious a manner.

Though this was a peculiarity in his character, and though no provocations could stimulate him to launch out against those who had done him any injury; yet the gall of his Muse was as bitter as JUVENAL's; and of him we may say, as was said of the Duke of DORSET, "He was the best-tempered Man, with the worst-tempered Muse."

But as all men have one line of character more strong than another, Mr. WHITEHEAD's was of the happiest complexion: it was Friendship, and of so divine and

rare

rare a sort, that the celestial element so mixed in him to give him a pre-eminence over half mankind: and indeed it was with him so contrary to the world, that the misfortunes of his Friend doubled his ardour and attachment. He seemed to think with SHAKESPEARE,

“ The friends thou hast, and their adoptions try’d,

“ Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel.”

There are many living, who can attest this heavenly spark of his fame, and who enjoyed it to a degree of happiness. To them the very repetition of his excellence will cause the wounds of grief to break out again; but a tear dropped on a Friend’s grave gives a divine sensation, that even few are capable of feeling and enjoying.

His integrity of heart, his steadiness of manners, his philanthropy and honour, gained him such love and respect among men, that few can be said to have lived more honourably, or died more regretted. Among the
many

many who admired his talents and disposition, was the Gentleman who hath given the subsequent Epitaph as a testimony of his esteem and friendship for the Author.

To the Publisher of the Life of P. Whitehead, Esq.

S I R,

THE Sister of Mr. WHITEHEAD, whose love for her

Brother has prompted her to erect a memorial of her affection and his merits, prevailed upon a Person, who had been long acquainted with him, to write the following Epitaph.—His Poetical Works are too well known to need any illustration; but the great marks of his Private Character are only known to those who were intimate with him. His Attachment to his Friends was as lasting as it was warm and sincere: if any misfortune happened to them, he doubled his attention; and every power to serve them was exerted for their relief. In the former part of his life, when his fortune was barely sufficient, he was bound for a friend of his in a large sum of money :

this

this was attended with every disagreeable circumstance, and distressed him for many years; all which he suffered without a murmur, was never known during the whole time to shew any dejection of spirit, and he paid the debt without ever being heard to arraign the injustice of him who caused his distress. In short, this very rare quality, this persevering Affection to his Friends in every situation, was the striking feature of his Character, and deserves a better panegyrist than the writer of the following lines.

NEAR THIS PLACE
ARE DEPOSITED THE REMAINS
OF

PAUL WHITEHEAD, Esq.

WHO WAS BORN JANUARY 25, 1710,

AND DIED DEC. 30, 1774,

AGED 65.

HERE lies a Man, Misfortune could not bend;
Prais'd as a Poet, honour'd as a Friend:
Though his youth kindled with the Love of Fame,
Within his bosom glow'd a brighter flame;
Whene'er his Friends with sharp affliction bled,
And from the wounded deer the herd was fled,
WHITEHEAD stood forth,—the healing balm apply'd,
Nor quitted their distresses---'till he dy'd.

O N

PAUL WHITEHEAD,

WHO BORE A LONG IMPRISONMENT FOR HIS FRIEND,*

AND DIED IN HIS SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR,

UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.

THIS LAST DUTY IS PAID HIM

B Y

CAPTAIN EDWARD THOMPSON.

A POET rests beneath this marble hearse,
Whose Friendship lives---the subject of our verse.
If cank'ring Time his poësy devours,
And blights the beauty of his fairest flow'rs,
Yet, shall his stubborn Virtue nobly stand,
The praise, the envy, of this gen'rous land:
Sons yet unborn his mem'ry shall commend,
Who gave up Freedom to release his Friend.
Mild, tho' confin'd, as if to woe allied,
He ne'er rebuk'd, nor at his fortune sigh'd:
He serv'd his friend — and felt the conscious pride.
Let wreaths of laurel be the Poet's fame;
Friendship and Love were WHITEHEAD's higher claim.

E. THOMPSON.

* Mr. Fleetwood.

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

ON

PAUL WHITEHEAD.

WHO BOLE A LONG DISMISSMENT FOR HIS FRIEND,

AND DIED IN HIS SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR,

UNIVERSALLY REGRETTED.

THIS LAST DUTY IS PAID HIM

BY

CAPTAIN EDWARD THOMPSON.

YOUNG T. tells benevolent people hearts,

Which friendship is the joy of our world.



It conveys time his body devours,

And blights the beauty of his land how is,

Yet still his ribbon white as snow is,

The grief, the envy, of this generous land:

Gods yet unborn humanity shall commend,

Who gave up freedom to make his friend.

Mill, the world, as it were still,

He never forgets, nor at his own right:

He loved his friend — and the world's condition

Let wreaths of laurel be his crown.

Friendship and Love were Whitehead's highest claim.

E. THOMPSON.

1871.

THE
STATE DUNCES;
A
SATIRE.

Inscribed to Mr. POPE. Written in 1733.

*I from my soul sincerely hate
Both K--- and M-----rs of State.*

SWIFT.

THE
STATE DUNCES;



Inscribed to Mr. POPH. Written in 1733.

I from my soul sincerely hope
that K. and M. are of State.
SWIFT.

T H E

S T A T E D U N C E S.

WHILE cringing crouds at faithless Levees wait,
Fond to be Fools of Fame, or Slaves of State;
And others, studious to increase their store,
Plough the rough Ocean for *Peruvian* ore;
How blest thy fate, whom calmer hours attend,
Peace thy companion, Fame thy faithful friend!
While in thy *Twick'nham* bow'rs, devoid of care,
You feast the fancy, and enchant the ear;
Thames gently rolls her silver tide along,
And the charm'd *Naiads* listen to thy song.

Here peaceful pass the gentle hours away,
 While tuneful Science measures out the day!
 Here, happy Bard, as various fancies lead,
 You paint the blooming Maid, or flow'ry Mead!
 Sound the rough clangor of tumultuous *War*,*
 Or sing the *ravish'd tendrils* of the *Fair*!†
 Now melting move the tender tear to flow,
 And wake our sighs with *Eloisa's* woe.‡
 But chief, to *Dullness* ever foe decreed,
 The *Apes* of Science with thy *satire* bleed;§
Peers, Poets, Pandars, mingle in the throng,
 Smart with thy touch, and tremble at thy song.||

Yet vain, O POPE! is all thy sharpest rage,
 Still starv'ling *Dunces* persecute the age;
 Faithful to folly, or enrag'd with spite,
 Still *tasteless* TIMONS build, and TIBBALDS write;

Still

* Homer.

† Rape of the Lock.

‡ Eloisa to Abelard.

§ Dunciad.

|| Epistles.

Still WELSTEAD* tunes his Beer-inspired lays,
 And RALPH, in metre, holds forth STANHOPE's praise:
 Ah! *hapless* victim to the Poet's flame,
 While his eulogiums crucify thy fame.

Shall embrio Wits thy studious hours engage,
Live in thy labours, and *prophane* thy page;
 While Virtue, ever-lov'd, demands thy lays,
 And claims the tuneful tribute of thy praise?
 Can POPE be silent, and not grateful lend
 One strain to sing the *Patriot*, and the *Friend*,

Who

* Still *Welstead*, And *Ralph*] Two authors, remarkable for nothing so much as the figure they make in the *Dunciad*, where Mr. Pope has condescended to drag them from obscurity, and *damn* them with *immortality*; yet they have both ventured out in print, since they were entered Dunces on record; the one in a few bad verses against Mr. Pope's *taste*, the other in a dull Epistle to Lord Chesterfield: but both these pieces are as entirely lost to fame and memory, as their authors are to modesty and common sense.—*This Ralph afterwards drew up a code of laws for the Earl of Bute—to instruct his present Majesty. He was the author of several political pamphlets; and he wrote a paper, jointly with Mr. James Lacy, of Drury-Lane Theatre, called Common Sense.*

Who, nobly anxious in his Country's cause,
 Maintains her Honours, and defends her Laws?
 Could I, my Bard, but equal numbers raise,
 Then would I sing---for, oh! I burst to praise---
 Sing how a PULT'NEY* charms the list'ning throng,
 While *Senates* hang enraptur'd on his tongue;
 With TULLY's fire how each oration glows,
 In TULLY's music how each period flows;
 Instruct each babe to list the Patriot's name,
 Who in each bosom breathes a *Roman* flame.

So, when the *Genius* of the *Roman* age
 Stemm'd the strong torrent of tyrannic rage,
 In Freedom's cause each glowing breast he warm'd,
 And, like a PULT'NEY, then a BRUTUS charm'd.

How blest, while we a *British* BRUTUS see,
 And all the *Roman* stands confest in Thee!
 Equal thy worth, but equal were thy doom,
 To save *Britannia*, as he rescu'd *Rome*:

He

* Afterwards Earl of Bath, and then forgotten.

He from a TARQUIN snatch'd the destin'd prey ;
Britannia still laments a WALPOLE's sway.

Arise, my tuneful *Bard*, nor thus in vain
Let thy *Britannia*, whom thou lov'st, complain :
If Thou in moanful lays relate her woe,
Each heart shall bleed, each eye with pity flow :
If to revenge you swell the sounding strain,
Revenge and fury fire each *British* Swain :
Obsequious to thy verse each breast shall move,
Or burn with rage, or soften into love.

O let *Britannia* be her Poet's care !
And lash the *Spoiler*, while you save the *Fair*.
Lo! where he stands, amidst the *servile Crew* ;
Nor blushes stain his cheek with crimson hue,
While dire *corruption* all around he spreads,
And ev'ry *ductile conscience* captive leads :
Brib'd by his boons, behold the *venal* band
Worship the *Idol* they could once command!

So

So *Britain's* now, as *Judab's* Sons before,
First raise a GOLDEN CALF, and then adore.

Let dull *Parnassian* Sons of Rhime no more
Provoke thy satire, and employ thy pow'r;
New objects rise to share an equal fate,
The *big, rich, mighty, Dunces* of the State.
Shall RALPH, COOKE, WELSTEAD, then engross thy rage,
While Courts afford a HERVEY, YORK, or GAGE?
Dullness no more roosts only near the sky,
But *Senates, Drawing-rooms,* with Garrets vye;
Plump Peers, and breadless Bards, alike are dull;
St. James's and *Rag-fair* club Fool for Fool,

Amidst the *mighty Dull*, behold how great
An APPIUS swells the *Tibbald* of the State!
Long had he strove to spread his lawless sway
O'er *Britain's* Sons, and force them to obey;
But, blasted all his blooming hopes, he flies
To vent his woe, and mourn his lost Excise.

Penfive

Penfive he fat, and figh'd, while round him lay
Loads of dull lumber, all inspir'd by *Pay*:
Here, puny pamphlets, spun from *Prelates'* brains;
There, the smooth jingle of Cook's lighter strains:
Here, WALSINGHAM's soft lulling Opiates spread;
There, gloomy OSBORN's Quintessence of Lead:
With these the *Statesman* strove to ease his care,
To sooth his sorrows, and divert despair:
But long his grief Sleep's gentle aid denies;
At length a flumb'rous *Briton* clos'd his eyes.

Yet vain the healing balm of downy rest,
To chase his woe, or ease his lab'ring breast:
Now frightful forms rise hideous to his view,
MORE, STRAFFORD, LAUD, and all the headless crew;
Daggers and *halters* boding Terror breeds,
And here a DUDLEY fwings, there VILLIERS bleeds.

Now Goddess *Dullness*, watchful o'er his fate,
And ever anxious for her Child of State,

From couch of down flow rais'd her drowsy head,
Forsook her slumbers, and to *Appius* sped.

Awake, my Son, awake, the Goddess cries,
Nor longer mourn thy darling lost Excise;
(Here the sad found unseal'd the Statesman's eyes)
Why slumbers thus my Son, oppress'd with care?
While *Dullness* rules, say, shall her Sons despair?
O'er all I spread my universal sway;
Kings, Prelates, Peers, and Rulers, all obey:
Lo! in the *Church* my mighty pow'r I shew,
In Pulpit preach, and slumber in the Pew:
The *Bench* and *Bar* alike my influence owns;
Here prate my *Magpies*, and there doze my *Drones*.
In the grave Dons, how formal is my mien,
Who rule the Gallipots of *Warwick-Lane*!
At Court behold me strut in *purple pride*,
At *Hockley* roar, and in *Crane-Court* preside.
But chief in Thee my mighty pow'r is seen;
'Tis I inspire thy mind, and fill thy mien;

On

On Thee, my Child, my duller blessings shed,
And pour my opium o'er thy fav'rite head;
Rais'd thee a Ruler of *Britannia's* fate,
And led thee blund'ring to the Helm of State.

Here bow'd the Statesman low, and thus addrest:
O Goddess, sole inspirer of my breast!
To gall the *British* neck with *Gallic* chain,
Long have I strove, but long have strove in vain;
While *Caleb*, rebel to thy sacred pow'r,
Unveils those eyes which thou hast curtain'd o'er;
Makes *Britain's* Sons my dark designs foresee,
Blast all my schemes, and struggle to be free.
O, had my Projects met a milder fate,
How had I reign'd a Basha of the State!
How o'er *Britannia* spread imperial sway!
How taught each free-born *Briton* to obey!
No smiling Freedom then had cheer'd her Swains,
But *Asia's* deserts vy'd with *Albion's* plains:

Turks, Vandals, BRITAIN! then compar'd with thee,
Had hugg'd their chains, and joy'd that they were free;
While wond'ring Nations all around had seen
Me rise a Great *Mogul*, or *Mazarin*:
Then had I taught *Britannia* to adore,
Then led her captive to my lawless pow'r.
Methinks, I view her now no more appear
First in the train, and Fairest 'midst the Fair:
Joyless I see the lovely mourner lie,
Nor glow her cheek, nor sparkle now her eye;
Faded each grace, no smiling feature warm;
Torn all her tresses, blighted ev'ry charm:
Nor teeming Plenty now each valley crowns;
Slaves are her Sons, and *tradeless* all her Towns.
For this, behold yon *peaceful Army* fed;
For this, on *Senates* see my bounty shed;
For this, what wonders, Goddess, have I wrought!
How bully'd, begg'd, how treated, and how fought!

What

What wand'ring maze of error blunder'd thro',
And how repair'd old blunders still by new!
Hence the long train of never-ending jars,
Of *warful Peaces*, and of *peaceful Wars*,
Each *mystic Treaty* of the mighty store,
Which to explain, demands *ten Treaties* more :
Hence *scarecrow Navies*, *floating Raree-shows* ;
And hence *Iberia's* pride, and *Britain's* woes.
These wond'rous works, O Goddess! have I done,
Works ever worthy *Dullness's* fav'rite Son.

Lo! on thy Sons alone my favours show'r;
None share my bounty that disdain thy pow'r:
Yon *Feathers*, *Ribbons*, Titles light as air,
Behold, Thy choicest Children only share :
Each views the *pageant* with admiring eyes,
And fondly grasps the visionary prize;
Now proudly spreads his *Leading-string* of State,
And thinks---to be a *wretch*, is to be *great*.

But

But turn, O Goddefs ! turn thine eyes, and view
The darling *Leaders* of thy gloomy Crew.

Full open-mouth'd NEWCASTLE there behold,
Aping a *Tully*, swell into a *scold*,
Grievous to mortal ear.---As at the place
Where loud-tongu'd Virgins vend the scaly race,
Harsh peals of vocal thunder fill the skies,
And stunning sounds in hideous discord rise;
So, when He tries the wond'rous pow'r of noise,
Each hapless ear's a victim to his voice.

How blest, O CHESELDEN ! whose art can mend
Those ears NEWCASTLE was ordain'd to rend.

See HARRINGTON secure in silence sit ;
No empty words betray his want of wit :
If sense in hiding folly is express'd,
O HARRINGTON ! thy wisdom stands confess'd.

To

To *Dullness*' sacred cause for ever true,
Thy darling CALEDONIAN, Goddess, view ;
The pride and glory of thy *Scotia*'s plains,
And faithful Leader of her *venal* Swains :
Loaded he moves beneath a servile weight,
The dull laborious *Packhorse* of the State ;
Drudges thro' tracks of infamy for *Pay*,
And hackneys out his conscience by the day :
Yonder behold the busy *peerless* Peer,
With aspect meagre and important air ;
His form how *Gothic*, and his looks how sage !
He seems the living *Plato* of the age.

Blest form ! in which alone thy merit's seen,
Since all thy *wisdom* centers in thy *mien* !

Here EGMONT, ALBEMARLE, (for Senates fit)
And W-----BY the Wife, in Council fit :
Here Looby G-----N, GR-----M ever dull,
By birth a *Senator*, by fate a *Fool*.

With

While these, *Britannia*, watchful o'er thy State,
 Maintain thine Honours, and direct thy Fate,
 How shall admiring Nations round adore,
 Behold thy Greatness, tremble at thy Pow'r;
 New *Shebas* come, invited by thy Fame,
 Revere thy Wisdom, and extol thy Name!

Lo! to yon *Bench* now, Goddess, turn thine eyes,
 And view thy Sons in solemn dullness rise;
 All doating, wrinkled, grave, and gloomy, see
 Each form confess thy dull Divinity;
 True to thy cause behold each *trencher'd Sage*
 Increas'd in folly as advanc'd in age:
 Here CH---R, learn'd in mystic prophecy,
 Confuting COLLINS, makes each Prophet lye:
 Poor WOOLSTON by thy SMALLBROOK there assail'd;
Gaols sure convinc'd him, tho' the *Prelate* fail'd.

But chief PASTORIUS, ever grave and dull,
 Devoid of sense, of zeal divinely full,

Retails

Retails his Squibs of Science o'er the town;
While *Charges*, *Past' rals*, thro' each street resound;
These teach a heav'nly JESUS to obey,
While those maintain an earthly APPIUS' sway.

Thy Gospel truth, *Pastorius*, crost we fee,*

While GOD and MAMMON's serv'd at once by Thee.

Who would not trim, speak, vote, or conscience pawn,
To lord it o'er a See, and swell in Lawn?

If arts like those, O S-----K, honours claim,

Than Thee none merits more the Prelate's name:

Wond'ring behold him faithful to his Fee,

Prove Parliaments *dependent* to be free;

In Senates blunder, flounder, and dispute,

For ever reas'ning, never to confute.

Since Courts for this their fated gifts decree,

Say, what is Reputation to a See?

D

Lo!

* A Prelate noted for writing Spiritual Pastorals and Temporal Charges;
in the one he endeavours to serve the cause of Christianity, in the other
the Mammon of a Ministry.

Lo! o'er yon flood H--E casts his low'ring eyes,
 And wishful sees the rev'rend turrets rise.
 While *Lambeth* opens to thy longing view,
 Hapless! the *Mitre* ne'er can bind thy brow:
 Tho' Courts should deign the gift, how wond'rous hard
 By thy own doctrines still to be debarr'd!
 For, if from *Change** such mighty evil springs,
Translations sure, O H--E! are sinful things.

These Rulers see, and nameless numbers more,
 O Goddess, of thy train the choicest store,
 Who Ignorance in Gravity entrench,
 And grace alike the *Pulpit* and the *Bench*.

Full plac'd and pension'd, see! H-R--O stands;
 Begrim'd his face, unpurify'd his hands:
 To Decency he scorns all nice pretence,
 And reigns firm foe to Cleanliness and Sense.

How

* A noted Sermon preached on the 30th of January, on this text,
Wee be unto them that are given to Change, &c.

How did H-R---o *Britain's* cause advance !
How shine the *Sloven* and *Buffoon* of *France* !
In Senates now, how scold, how rave, how roar,
Of *Treaties* run the tedious train-trow o'er !
How blunder out whate'er should be conceal'd,
And how keep secret what should be reveal'd !
True Child of *Dullness* ! see him, Goddess, claim
Pow'r next myself, as next in Birth and Fame.

Silence ! ye Senates, while enribbon'd YOUNGE
Pours forth melodious Nothings from his tongue !
How sweet the accents play around the ear,
Form'd of smooth periods, and of well-tun'd air !
Leave, gentle YOUNGE, the Senate's dry debate,
Nor labour 'midst the Labyrinths of State ;
Suit thy soft Genius to more tender themes,
And sing of cooling shades, and purling streams ;

With modern Sing-song murder ancient Plays,*

Or warble in sweet Ode a BRUNSWICK's praise:

So shall thy strains in purer *Dullness* flow,

And laurels wither on a CIBBER's brow.

Say, can the Statesman wield the Poet's quill,

And quit the *Senate* for *Parnassus'* Hill?

Since there no venal vote a Pension shares,

Nor wants APOLLO Lords Commissioners.

There W----- and P-----, Goddess, view,

Firm in thy cause, and to thy APPIUS true!

Lo! from their labours what reward betides!

One pays my Army, one my Navy guides.

To

* This Gentleman, with the assistance of *Roome*, *Concanen*, and several others, committed a barbarous murder on the body of an old Comedy, by turning it into a modern Ballad Opera; which was scarce exhibited on the Stage, before it was thought necessary to be contracted into one Act. As this is the only living instance of the surprising genius and abilities of these Wits, I could not forbear mentioning it.

To dance, drefs, fing, and ferenade the Fair,
“ Conduct a Finger, or reclaim a Hair,”
O'er baleful Tea with females taught to blame,
And spread a flander o'er a Virgin's fame ;
Form'd for thefe fofter arts fhall HERVEY ftrain
With ftubborn Politics his tender brain !
For Minifters laborious pamphlets write,
In Senates prattle, and with Patriots fight !
Thy fond Ambition, *pretty Youth*, give o'er,
Prefide at Balls, old Fafhions loft reftore ;
So fhall each Toilette in thy caufe engage,
And H---EY fhine a P-----RE of the age.

Behold a Star emblazon C----N's coat !
Not that the Knight has Merit, but a Vote.
And here, O Goddefs, num'rous Wrongheads trace,
Lur'd by a *Penfion*, *Ribband*, or a *Place*.

To

To murder Science, and my cause defend,
Now shoals of *Grub-street* Garretteers descend ;
From *Schools* and *Desks* the writing insects crawl,
Unlade their Dullness, and for APPIUS bawl.

Lo! to thy darling OSBORNE turn thine eyes,
See him o'er Politics superior rise ;
While CALEB feels the venom of his quill,
And wond'ring Ministers reward his skill :
Unlearn'd in Logic, yet he writes by rule,
And proves himself in Syllogism-----a Fool ;
Now flies obedient, war with Sense to wage,
And drags th' idea thro' the painful page :
Unread, unanswer'd, still he writes again,
Still spins the endless cobweb of his brain ;
Charm'd with each line, reviewing what he writ,
Blesses his stars, and wonders at his wit.

Nor less, O WALSINGHAM, thy Worth appears !
Alike in merit, tho' unlike in years :

Ill-fated Youth! what stars malignant shed
Their baneful influence o'er thy brainless head,
Doom'd to be ever writing, never read!
For bread to libel Liberty and Sense,
And damn thy Patron weekly with defence.
Drench'd in the fable flood, O hadst thou still
O'er skins of parchment drove thy venal quill,
At *Temple* Ale-house told an idle tale,
And pawn'd thy credit for a mug of ale;
Unknown to APPIUS then had been thy name,
Unlac'd thy coat, unsacrific'd his fame;
Nor vast unvented reams would PEELE deplore,
As victims destin'd to the common-shore.

As Dunce to Dunce in endless numbers breed,
So to CONCANEN see a RALPH succeed;
A tiny Witling of these writing days,
Full-fam'd for tuneless Rhimes, and short-liv'd Plays.

Write

Write on, my *luckless Bard*, still unasham'd,
Tho' burnt thy Journals, and thy Drama's damn'd;
'Tis Bread inspires thy Politics and Lays,
Not thirst of *immortality* or *praise*.

These, Goddess, view, the choicest of the train,
While yet unnumber'd *Dunces* still remain;
Deans, Critics, Lawyers, Bards, a motley crew,
To *Dullness* faithful, as to APPIUS true.

Enough, the Goddess cries, Enough I've seen;
While these support, secure my Son shall reign;
Still shalt thou blund'ring rule *Britannia's* fate,
Still *Grub-street* hail Thee *Minister of State*.

T H E E N D.

M A N N E R S ;

A

S A T I R E .

Written in 1738.

Paulus vel Cossus vel Drusus MORIBUS *esto.*

JUVENAL.

M A N N E R S

S A T I R E

Written in 1798

JOHN B. HARRIS

M A N N E R S.

“ **W**ELL---of all plagues which make Mankind their
“ sport,

“ Guard me, ye Heav'ns! from that worst plague---a Court.

“ 'Midst the mad Mansions of *Moor-fields*, I'd be

“ A straw-crown'd Monarch, in mock majesty,

“ Rather than Sovereign rule *Britannia's* fate,

“ Curs'd with the Follies and the Farce of State.

“ Rather in *Newgate Walls*, O! let me dwell,

“ A doleful Tenant of the darkling Cell,

“ Than swell, in Palaces, the mighty store

“ Of Fortune's Fools, and Parasites of Pow'r.

“ Than Crowns, Ye Gods! be any state my doom,

“ Or any dungeon, but---a Drawing-Room.

- “ Thrice happy *Patriot* ! whom no Courts debase,
“ No Titles lessen, and no Stars disgrace.
“ Still nod the Plumage o’er the brainless head ;
“ Still o’er the faithless heart the Ribband spread.
“ Such toys may serve to signalize the Tool,
“ To gild the Knave, or garnish out the Fool ;
“ While You, with *Roman* virtue arm’d, disdain
“ The tinsel trappings and the glitt’ring chain :
“ Fond of your Freedom spurn the venal Fee,
“ And prove He’s only *Great*----who dares be *Free*.

Thus sung PHILEMON in his calm retreat,
Too wise for pow’r, too virtuous to be great.

But whence this rage at Courts ? reply’d his Grace,
Say, is the mighty crime, to be in Place ?
Is that the deadly sin, mark’d out by Heav’n,
For which no mortal e’er can be forgiv’n ?
Must All, All suffer, who in Courts engage,
Down from Lord Steward, to the puny Page ?

Can

Can Courts and Places be such sinful things,
The sacred gifts and palaces of Kings?

A Place may claim our rev'ence, Sir, I own;
But then the Man its dignity must crown:
'Tis not the Truncheon, or the Ermine's pride,
Can screen the Coward, or the Knave can hide.
Let STAIR and ***† head our Arms and Law,
The Judge and Gen'ral must be view'd with awe:
The Villain then would shudder at the Bar;
And *Spain* grow humble at the sound of WAR.

What Courts are sacred, when I tell your Grace,
MANNERS alone must sanctify the place?

Hence

† It is to be lamented that the barrenness of the present times obliges the Author to trust to posterity, for the supply of a proper character in this place.——In 1775, the character is supplied in every minute particular by a Judge at the head of the Law.

Hence only each its proper name receives ;

Haywood's a brothel; *White's*† a den of thieves :

Bring whores and thieves to Court, you change the scene,

St. James's turns the brothel, and the den.

Who would the Courtly Chapel holy call,

Tho' the whole Bench should consecrate the wall ?

While the trim Chaplain, conscious of a See,

Cries out, " My King, I have no God but Thee ;"

Lifts to the Royal Seat the asking eye,

And pays to GEORGE the tribute of the sky ;

Proves sin alone from humble roofs must spring,

Nor can one earthly failing stain a King.

BISHOPS and KINGS may consecrate, 'tis true ;

MANNERS alone claim homage as their due.

Without,

† Dr. Swift says, " That the late Earl of Oxford, in the time of
" his Ministry, never pass'd by White's Chocolate-House (the common
" rendezvous of infamous Sharpers and noble Cullies) without bestowing
" a curse upon that famous Academy, as the bane of half the English
" Nobility."

Without, the Court and Church are both prophane,
Whatever Prelate preach, or Monarch reign ;
Religion's rostrum *Virtue's* scaffold grows,
And Crowns and Mitres are mere raree-shows.

In vain, behold yon rev'rend turrets rise,
And *Sarum's* sacred spire salute the skies !
If the lawn'd *Levite's* earthly vote be sold,
And God's free gift retail'd for *Mammon* gold ;
No rev'rence can the proud Cathedral claim,
But HENLEY's shop, and SHERLOCK's, are the same.

Whence have St. *Stephen's* walls so hallow'd been ?
Whence ? From the virtue of his Sons within.
But should some guileful Serpent, void of grace,
Glide in its bounds, and poison all the place ;
Should e'er the sacred voice be set to sale,
And o'er the heart the Golden Fruit prevail ;
The place is alter'd, Sir ; nor think it strange
To see the Senate sink into a Change.

Or

Or Court, or Church, or Senate-house, or Hall,
MANNERS alone beam dignity on all.
Without their influence, Palaces are cells ;
Crane-Court,* a magazine of Cockle-shells ;
The solemn Bench no bosom strikes with awe,
But *Westminster's* a warehouse of the Law.

These honest truths, my Lord, deny you can ;
Since all allow that ' MANNERS make the MAN.'
Hence only glories to the Great belong,
Or Peers must mingle with the peasant throng.

Tho' strung with Ribbands, yet behold his Grace
Shines but a Lacquey in a higher place !
Strip the gay Liv'ry from the Courtier's back,
What marks the difference 'twixt *My Lord* and *Jack* ?
The same mean, supple, mercenary Knave,
The Tool of Power, and of State the Slave :

Alike

* The Royal Society.

Alike the vassal heart in each prevails,
And all his Lordship boasts is larger vales.

Wealth, Manors, Titles, may descend, 'tis true;
But ev'ry Heir must *Merit's* claim renew.

Who blushes not to see a C---- Heir
Turn slave to sound, and languish for a Play'r?*

What piping, fiddling, squeaking, quav'ring, bawling!
What sing-song riot, and what eunuch-squawling!

C----, thy worth all *Italy* shall own,
A Statesman fit, where NERO† fill'd the throne.

See poor LÆVINUS, anxious for renown,
Through the long gallery trace his lineage down,
And claim each Hero's visage for his own.

F

What

* That living witness of the folly, extravagance, and depravity of the English, Farinello, who is now at the Court of Spain, triumphing in the spoils of our Nobility, as their Pirates are in those of our injured Merchants.

† A Roman Emperor remarkable for his passion for music.

What tho' in each the self-same features shine,
Unless some lineal virtue marks the line,
In vain, alas ! He boasts his Grandfire's name,
Or hopes to borrow lustre from his fame.
Who but must smile, to see the tim'rous Peer
Point 'mong his race our bulwark in the war ?
Or in sad English tell how Senates hung
On the sweet music of his Father's tongue ?
Unconscious, tho' his Sires were wise and brave,
Their virtues only find in him a grave.

Not so with STANHOPE ;† see by him sustain'd
Each hoary honour which his Sires had gain'd.
To him the virtues of his race appear
The precious portion of five hundred year ;
Descended down, by him to be enjoy'd,
Yet holds the talent lost, if unemploy'd.

From

† The Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.

From hence behold his gen'rous ardour rise,
To swell the sacred stream with fresh supplies :
Abroad, the Guardian of his Country's cause ;
At home, a TULLY to defend her Laws.
Senates with awe the patriot sounds imbibe,
And bold Corruption almost drops the bribe.
Thus added worth to worth, and grace to grace,
He beams new glories back upon his race.

Ask ye, What's Honour? I'll the truth impart.
Know, honour, then, is Honesty of Heart.
To the sweet scenes of social *Stow** repair,
And search the Master's breast,---You'll find it there.
Too proud to grace the Sycophant or Slave,
It only harbours with the Wise and Brave ;
Ungain'd by Titles, Places, Wealth, or Birth :
Learn this, and learn to blush, ye Sons of Earth !

F 2

Blush

* The Seat of the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Cobham.

Blush to behold this Ray of Nature made
The victim of a *Ribband*, or *Cockade*.

Ask the proud Peer, What's Honour? he displays
A purchas'd Patent, or the Herald's blaze;
Or, if the Royal Smile his hopes has blest,
Points to the glitt'ring Glory on his Breast:
Yet, if beneath no real virtue reign,
On the gay coat the Star is but a stain:
For I could whisper in his Lordship's ear,
Worth only beams true radiance on the Star.

Hence see the Garter'd Glory dart its rays,
And shine round E--- with redoubled blaze:
Ask ye from whence this flood of lustre's seen?
Why E--- whispers, votes, and saw *Turin*.

Long *Milo* reign'd the Minion of Renown;
Loud his eulogiums echo'd thro' the Town:

Where'er

Where'er he went, still crouds around him throng,
And hail'd the Patriot as he pass'd along.
See the lost Peer, unhonour'd now by all,
Steal through the street, or skulk along the *Mall*;
Applauding sounds no more salute his ear,
But the loud *Pæan*'s sunk into a sneer.
Whence, you'll enquire, could spring a change so sad?
Why, the poor man ran military mad;
By this mistaken maxim still misled,
That Men of Honour must be cloth'd in Red.
My Grandfire wore it, MILO cries---'tis good:
But know, the Grandfire stain'd it red with blood.
First 'midst the deathful dangers of the field,
He shone his Country's guardian, and its shield;
Taught *Danube*'s stream with *Gallic* gore to flow;
Hence bloom'd the Laurel on the Grandfire's brow:
But shall the Son expect the wreath to wear,
For the mock triumphs of an *Hyde-Park War*?

Sooner

Sooner shall *Bunhill*, *Blenheim's* glories claim,
Or BILLERS rival brave EUGENE in fame ;
Sooner a like reward their labours crown,
Who storm a Dunghill, and who sack a Town.

Mark our bright Youths, how gallant and how gay,
Fresh plum'd and powder'd in Review Array.
Unspoil'd each feature by the martial scar,
Lo ! A----- assumes the God of War :
Yet vain, while prompt to arms by plume and pay,
He claims the Soldier's Name from Soldier's Play.
This truth, my Warrior, treasure in thy breast,
A standing Soldier is a standing jest.
When bloody battles dwindle to Reviews,
Armies must then descend to Puppet-shews ;
Where the lac'd Log may strut the Soldier's part,
Bedeck'd with feather, tho' unarm'd with heart.

There are who say, " You lash the sins of men !
" Leave, leave to POPE the poignance of the pen ;
" Hope

“ Hope not the bays shall wreath around thy head ;

“ FANNIUS may write, but FLACCUS will be read.”

Shall only One have privilege to blame ?

What then, are vice and folly Royal Game ?

Must all be Poachers who attempt to kill ?

All, but the mighty Sovereign of the Quill ?

Shall POPE, alone, the plenteous harvest have,

And I not glean one straggling Fool, or Knave ?

Praise, 'tis allow'd, is free to all mankind ;

Say, why should honest Satire be confin'd ?

Tho', like th' immortal Bard's, my feeble dart

Stains not its feather in the culprit heart ;

Yet know, the smallest insect of the wing

The horse may teaze, or elephant can sting :

Ev'n I, by chance, some lucky darts may show'r,

And gall some great *Leviathans* of Pow'r.

I name not W-----E ; You the reason guess ;

Mark yon fell Harpy hov'ring o'er the Press.

Secure

Secure the Muse may sport with names of Kings;
 But Ministers, my Friend, are dang'rous things.
 Who would have P----N* answer what he writ;
 Or Special Juries, judges of his wit?

POPE writes unhurt----but know, 'tis diff'rent quite
 To beard the lion, and to crush the mite.
 Safe may he dash the Statesman in each line;
 Those dread his satire, who dare punish mine.

Turn, turn your satire then, you cry, to praise.
 Why, praise is satire, in these sinful days.
 Say, should I make a Patriot of Sir BILL,
 Or swear that G----'s Duke has wit at will;
 From the gull'd Knight could I expect a place,
 Or hope to lye a dinner from his Grace,
 Tho' a reward be graciously bestow'd
 On the soft satire of each Birth-day Ode?

The

* A famous Solicitor.

The good and bad alike with praise are blest ;
Yet those who merit most, still want it least :
But conscious Vice still courts the chearing ray,
While Virtue shines, nor asks the glare of day.
Need I to any, PULT'NEY's worth declare ?
Or tell Him CARTERET charms, who has an ear ?
Or, PITT, can thy example be unknown,
While each fond Father marks it to his Son ?

I cannot truckle to a Slave in State,
And praise a Blockhead's wit, because he's great :
Down, down, ye hungry Garretteers, descend,
Call W-----E* BURLEIGH, call him *Britain's* Friend ;
Behold the genial ray of Gold appear,
And rouse, ye swarms of *Grub-street* and *Rag-fair*.

G

See

* See these two Characters compared in the Gazetteers ; but, lest none of those papers should have escaped their common fate, see the two Characters distinguished in the Craftsman.

See with what zeal yon tiny Insect† burns,
 And follows Queens from palaces to urns :
 Tho' cruel Death has clos'd the Royal ear,
 The flatt'ring Fly still buzzes round the bier :
 But what avails, since Queens no longer live ?
 Why, Kings can read, and Kings, you know, may give.
 A Mitre may repay his heav'nly Crown,
 And, while he decks her brow, adorn his own.

Let Laureat CIBBER Birth-day Sonnets sing,
 Or FANNY crawl, an Ear-wig on the King :
 While one is void of wit, and one of grace,
 Why should I envy either Song or Place ?
 I could not flatter, the rich Butt to gain ;
 Nor sink a Slave, to rise *V---e C-----n*.

Perish my verse ! whene'er one venal line
 Bedaub's a Duke, or makes a King divine.

First

† A certain Court Chaplain, who wrote, or rather stole, a character of the late Queen from Dr. Burnet's character of Queen Mary.

First bid me swear, he's found who has the plague,

Or HORACE rivals STANHOPE at the *Hague*.

What, shall I turn a Pandar to the Throne,

And lift with B--LL* to roar for Half-a-crown?

Sooner T--R---L shall with TULLY vie,

Or W--N---N in Senate scorn a ---;

Sooner *Iberia* tremble for her fate

From M----H's Arms, or AB---N's Debate.

Tho' fawning Flatt'ry ne'er shall taint my lays,

Yet know, when Virtue calls, I burst to praise.

Behold yon Temple† rais'd by COBHAM's hand,

Sacred to Worthies of his native land:

Ages were ranfack'd for the Wife and Great,

Till BARNARD came, and made the groupe complete.

Be

* A noted Agent in a Mob-Regiment, who is employ'd to reward their venal vociferations, on certain occasions, with Half-a-crown each Man.

† The Temple of British Worthies in the gardens at Stow, in which the Lord Cobham has lately erected the Busto of Sir John Barnard.

Be BARNARD there---enliven'd by the voice,
Each Busto bow'd, and sanctify'd the choice.

Pointless all Satire in these iron times ;
Too faint are colours, and too feeble rhimes.
Rise then, gay Fancy, future glories bring,
And stretch o'er happier days thy healing wing.

Rapt into thought, lo ! I *Britannia* see
Rising superior o'er the subject Sea ;
View her gay pendants spread their filken wings,
Big with the fate of Empires, and of Kings :
The tow'ring Barks dance lightly o'er the main,
And roll their thunder thro' the realms of *Spain*.
Peace, violated Maid, they ask no more,
But waft her back triumphant to our shore ;
While buxom *Plenty*, laughing in her train,
Glads ev'ry heart, and crowns the Warrior's pain.

On, Fancy, on ! still stretch the pleasing scene,
And bring fair *Freedom* with her golden reign ;
Chear'd by whose beams ev'n meagre Want can smile,
And the poor Peasant whistle 'midst his toil.

Such days, what *Briton* wishes not to see ?
And such each *Briton*, FRED'RICK,* hopes from Thee.

* *The Father of GEORGE the Third.*

T H E E N D.

On the way, and all the while, the singing was

And long for the future with the golden rays

Chanting the words of a sacred hymn

And the poor peasant with his toil

And the rich man with his gold

And the poor man with his bread

And the rich man with his gold

THE END

THE
GYMNASIAD,
OR
BOXING-MATCH;

A very SHORT, but very CURIOUS

EPIC POEM.

WITH THE
PROLEGOMENA of SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS,
AND
NOTES VARIORUM.

----*Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

MART.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

JOHN M. N. A. S. I. A. D.

TO THE
MOST PUISSANT and INVINCIBLE
Mr. JOHN BROUGHTON.

HAD this Dedication been addressed to some *Reverend* Prelate, or *Female Court-Favourite*, to some *Blundering Statesman*, or *Apostate Patriot*, I should doubtless have launched into the highest encomiums on *Public Spirit*, *Policy*, *Virtue*, *Piety*, &c. and, like the rest of my Brother Dedicators, had most successfully imposed on their vanity, by ascribing to them qualities they were utterly unacquainted with; by which means I had prudently reaped the reward of a *Panegyrist* from my *Patron*, and, at the same time, secured the reputation of a *Satyrist* with the *Public*.

H

But

But scorning these base arts, I present the following Poem to you, unswayed by either Flattery or Interest; since your Modesty would defend you against the poison of the one, and your known Oeconomy prevent an Author's expectations of the other. I shall therefore only tell you, what *you really are*, and leave those (whose Patrons are of the higher class) to tell them what *they really are not*. But such is the depravity of human nature, that every Compliment we bestow on another, is too apt to be deemed a Satire on ourselves; yet surely, while I am praising the Strength of your Arm, no Politician can think it meant as a reflection on the Weakness of his Head; or, while I am justifying your title to the character of a *Man*, will any modern Petit-Maitre think it an impeachment of his affinity to that of its mimic counterfeit, a *Monkey*?

Were I to attempt a description of your qualifications, I might justly have recourse to the Majesty of *Agamemnon*, the Courage of *Achilles*, the Strength of *Ajax*, and the Wisdom of *Ulysses*; but, as your own Heroic Actions afford

us the best mirror of your Merits, I shall leave the Reader to view in that the amazing Lustre of a Character, a few traits of which only, the following Poem was intended to display; and in which, had the ability of the Poet equalled the magnanimity of his Hero, I doubt not but the GYMNASIAD had, like the immortal ILIAD, been handed down to the admiration of all posterity.

As your superior Merits contributed towards raising you to the Dignities you now enjoy, and placed you even as the SAFE-GUARD of Royalty itself, so I cannot help thinking it happy for the Prince, that he is now able to boast one *real* Champion in his service: and what *Frenchman* would not tremble more at the puissant Arm of a BROUGHTON, than at the ceremonious Gauntlet of a DIMMACK?

I am,

with the most profound respect

to your HEROIC VIRTUES,

your most devoted,

and most humble Servant.

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS

OF THE

P O E M.

IT is an old saying, that *Necessity is the Mother of Invention* : it should seem then that Poetry, which is a *species* of Invention, must naturally derive its being from the same origin : hence it will be easy to account for the many flimsy Ghost-like Apparitions, that every day make their appearance among us ; for if it be true, as Naturalists observe, that the health and vigour of the Mother is necessary to produce the like qualities in the Child, what issue can be expected from the womb of so *meagre a Parent* ?

But there is another *species* of Poetry, which, instead of owing its birth to the *belly*, like *Minerva* springs at once
from

from the *head* : of this kind are those productions of Wit, Sense, and Spirit, which once born, like the Goddess herself, immediately become immortal. It is true, these are a sort of miraculous births, and therefore it is no wonder they should be found so rare among us.-----As Glory is the noble inspirer of the latter, so Hunger is the natural incentive of the former : thus *Fame* and *Food* are the spurs with which every Poet mounts his *Pegasus* ; but, as the impetus of the *belly* is apt to be more cogent than that of the *head*, so you will ever see the one pricking and goading a tired Jade to a hobbling trot, while the other only incites the foaming Steed to a majestic capriol.

The gentle Reader, it is apprehended, will not long be at a loss to determine, which *species* the following Production ought to be ranked under ; but as the Parent most unnaturally cast it out as the spurious issue of his brain, and even, cruelly denies it the common privilege of his name ;

struck

struck with the delectable beauty of its Features, I could not avoid adopting the little *poetic Orphan*, and by dressing it up with a few Notes, &c. present it to the Public as perfect as possible.

Had I, in imitation of other great Authors, only consulted my interest in the publication of this inimitable Piece, (which doubtless will undergo numerous impressions) I might first have sent it into the world *naked*, then, by the addition of a *Commentary*, *Notes Variorum*, *Prolegomena*, and all that, levied a new Tax upon the Public; and after all, by a sort of modern Poetical Legerdemain, changing the *name* of the *principal Hero*, and inserting a few *hypercritics* of a flattering Friend's, have rendered the former Editions incorrect, and cozened the curious Reader out of a *treble consideration* for the *same Work*; but however this may suit the tricking Arts of a Bookseller, it is certainly much below the sublime Genius of an Author.-----I know it will be said,
that

that a Man has an equal right to make as much as he can of his *wit*, as well as of his *money* : but then it ought to be considered, whether there may not be such a thing as *usury* in both ; and the Law having only provided against it in one instance, is, I apprehend, no very moral plea for the practice of it in the other.*

The judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the following Poem in all its properties partakes of the Epic ; such
as

* As this may be thought to be particularly aimed at an *Author* who was lately reported to be dead, and whose loss all Lovers of the Muses would have the greatest reason to lament ; it may not be improper to assure the Reader, that it was written, and intended to have been published, before that report, and was only meant as an attack upon the *general* abuse of this kind.—As to our Author himself, he has frequently given *public* testimonies of his veneration for that great Man's Genius ; nor may it be unentertaining to the Reader, to acquaint him with one *private* instance :—Immediately on hearing the report of Mr. Pope's death, he was heard to break forth in the following exclamation :

POPE dead!—Hush, hush, REPORT, the slanderous lye ;
FAME says he lives—Immortals never die.

as Fighting, Speeching, Bullying, Ranting, &c. (to say nothing of the Moral) and, as many thousand verses are thought necessary to the construction of this kind of Poem, it may be objected, that this is too *short* to be ranked under that class : to which I shall only answer, that as *conciseness* is the last fault a Writer is apt to *commit*, so it is generally the first a Reader is willing to *forgive* ; and though it may not be altogether so long, yet I dare say, it will not be found less replete with the true *Vis poetica*, than (not to mention the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, &c.) even *Leonidas* itself.

It may farther be objected, that the characters of our principal Heroes are too humble for the grandeur of the *Epic* fable ; but the candid Reader will be pleased to observe, that they are not here celebrated in their *mechanic*, but in their *heroic* capacities, as *Boxers*, who, by the Ancients themselves, have ever been esteemed worthy to be immortalized in the noblest works of this nature ; of which the

Epëus and *Euryalus* of *Homer*, and the *Entellus* and *Dares* of *Virgil*, are incontestable authorities. And as those Authors were ever careful, that their principal Personages (however mean in themselves) should derive their pedigree from some *Deity*, or illustrious *Hero*, so our Author has with equal propriety made his spring from *Phaëton* and *Neptune*; under which characters he beautifully allegorises their different occupations of *Waterman* and *Coachman*.--- But for my own part, I cannot conceive, that the dignity of the Hero's profession is any ways essential to that of the action; for, *if the greatest persons are guilty of the meanest actions, why may not the greatest actions be ascribed to the meanest persons?*

As the main action of this Poem is entirely supported by the principal Heroes *themselves*, it has been maliciously insinuated to be designed, as an unmannerly reflection on a late glorious *Victory*, where, it is pretended, the whole
action

action was atchieved without the interposition of the principal Heroes *at all*.—But as the most innocent meanings may by ill minds be wrested to the most wicked purposes, if any such construction should be made, I will venture to affirm, that it must proceed from the factious venom of the Reader, and not from any disloyal malignity in our Author, who is too well acquainted with the *power*, ever to arraign the *purity* of Government: besides, the poignance of the *Sword* is too prevalent for that of the *Pen*; and who, when there are at present so many thousand *unanswerable standing arguments* ready to defend, would ever be *Quixote* enough to attack, either the *Omnipotence* of a Prince, or the *Omniscience* of his Ministers?

Were I to attempt an analysis of this Poem, I cou'd demonstrate that it contains (as much as a piece of so sublime a nature will admit of) all those *true standards* of Wit, Humour, Raillery, Satire, and Ridicule, which a late

Writer has so *marvellously discovered*, and might, on the part of our Author, say with that profound Critic,----*facta est Alea*: but as the obscurity of a beauty too strongly argues the want of one, so an endeavour to elucidate the merits of the following performance, might be apt to give the Reader a disadvantageous impression against it, as it might tacitly imply they were too mysterious to come within the compass of his comprehension. I shall therefore leave them to his more curious observation, and bid him heartily farewell----*Lege & delectare.*

SCRIBLERUS TERTIUS.

THE
A R G U M E N T
OF THE
FIRST BOOK.

THE Invocation, the Proposition, the Night before the Battle described ; the Morning opens, and discovers the Multitude hastening to the place of Action ; their various Professions, Dignities, &c. illustrated ; the Spectators being seated, the youthful Combatants are first introduced ; their manner of Fighting displayed ; to these succeed the Champions of a higher degree ; their superior Abilities marked, some of the most eminent particularly celebrated ; mean while, the principal Heroes are represented sitting, and ruminating on the approaching Combat, when the Herald summons them to the Lists.

T H E
G Y M N A S I A D.

B O O K I.

SING, sing, O Muse, the dire contested Fray,
And bloody honours of that dreadful day,
When *Phaëton's* bold Son (tremendous name)
Dar'd *Neptune's* Offspring to the Lists of Fame,

5 What

V. 3, 4. *When Phaëton's bold Son* } It is usual for Poets to call the
 Dar'd Neptune's Offspring } Sons after the names of their
Fathers ; as *Agamemnon* the Son of *Atreus*, and *Achilles* the Son of *Peleus*,
are frequently termed *Pelides* and *Atrides*. Our Author would doubtless
have followed this laudable example, but he found *Broughtonides* and
Stephensonides, or their contractions, too unmusical for metre, and
therefore with wonderful art adopts two poetical Parents ; which ob-
viates the difficulty, and at the same time heightens the dignity of his
Heroes.

Bentleides.

5 What Fury fraught Thee with Ambition's fire,
 Ambition, equal foe to Son and Sire?
 One, hapless fell by *Jove's* æthereal arms,
 And One, the *Triton's* mighty pow'r disarms.

Now all lay hush'd within the folds of night,
 10 And saw in painted dreams th' important fight;
 While hopes and fears alternate turn the scales,
 And now this Hero, and now that prevails;
 Blows and imaginary blood survey,
 Then waking, watch the slow approach of day;
 15 When, lo! *Aurora* in her saffron vest
 Darts a glad ray, and gilds the ruddy East.

Forth

V. 6. *Ambition, equal foe to Son and Sire?*] It has been maintained by some Philosophers, that the passions of the mind are in some measure hereditary, as well as the features of the body. According to this doctrine, our Author very beautifully represents the frailty of ambition descending from Father to Son;—and as *Original Sin* may in some sort be accounted for on this system, it is very probable our Author had a *theological*, as well as *physical*, and *moral* meaning in this verse.

For the latter part of this Note, we are obliged to an *eminent Divine*.

Forth issuing now all ardent seek the place
 Sacred to Fame, and the Athletic race.
 As from their Hive the clust'ring Squadrons pour
 20 O'er fragrant meads, to sip the vernal flow'r;
 So from each Inn the legal Swarms impel,
 Of banded Seers, and Pupils of the Quill.
 Senates and Shambles pour forth all their store,
 Mindful of mutton, and of laws no more;

25 E'en

V. 21. *legal Swarms impel;*] An ingenious Critic of my acquaintance objected to this simile, and would by no means admit the comparison between *Bees* and *Lawyers* to be just: *one*, he said, was an industrious, harmless, and useful species, none of which properties could be affirmed of the *other*; and therefore he thought the *Drone*, that lives on the plunder of the hive, a more proper archetype. I must confess myself in some measure inclined to subscribe my Friend's opinion; but then we must consider, that our Author did not intend to describe their *qualities*, but their *number*; and in this respect no one, I think, can have any objection to the *propriety* of the comparison.

V. 24. *and of laws no more;*] The original MS. has it *bribes*; but, as this might seem to cast an invidious aspersiion on a certain Assembly, remarkable for their abhorrence of Venality; and, at the same time, might

K

subject

25 E'en money-bills, uncourtly, now must wait,

And the fat lamb has one more day to bleat.

The Highway Knight now draws his pistol's load,

Rests his faint steed, and this day franks the road.

Bailiffs, in crouds, neglect the dormant writ,

30 And give another *Sunday* to the Wit :

He too would hie, but, ah ! his fortunes frown ;

Alas ! the fatal passport's-----Half-a-crown.

Shoals press on shoals, from palace and from cell ;

Lords yield the *Court*, and Butchers *Clerkenwell*.

35 *St.*

subject our Publisher to some little inconveniences ; I thought it prudent to soften the expression : besides, I think this reading renders our Author's thought more natural ; for, though we see the most trifling avocations are able to draw off their attention from the *public utility*, yet nothing is sufficient to divert a steady pursuit of their *private emolument*.

V. 28. *this day franks the road.*] Our Poet here artfully insinuates the dignity of the Combat he is about to celebrate, by its being able to prevail on a Highwayman to lay aside his business, to become a spectator of it ;—and as, on this occasion, he makes him forsake his *daily bread*, while the Senator only neglects the *business of the nation*, it may be observed, how satirically he gives the preference, in point of *disinterestedness*, to the Highwayman.

35 *St. Giles's* natives, never known to fail,
 All who have haply 'scap'd th' obdurate jail;
 There many a martial Son of *Tott'nham* lies,
 Bound in *Deveilian* bands, a sacrifice
 To angry Justice, nor must view the prize.

40 Assembled myriads croud the circling seats,
 High for the Combat every bosom beats,
 Each bosom partial for its Hero bold,
 Partial thro' Friendship---or depending Gold.

K 2

But

V. 37. *There many a martial Son, &c.*] The unwary Reader may from this passage be apt to conclude, that an Amphitheatre is little better than a nursery for the Gallows, and that there is a sort of physical connection between *Boxing* and *Thieving*; but although *Boxing* may be a useful ingredient in a Thief, yet it does not necessarily make him *one*. *Boxing* is the effect, not the cause; and men are not *Thieves* because they are *Boxers*, but *Boxers* because they are *Thieves*. Thus *Tricking*, *Lying*, *Evasion*, with several other such-like cardinal virtues, are a sort of properties pertaining to the practice of the Law, as well as to the Mercurial profession. But would any one therefore infer, that every *Lawyer* must be a *Thief*?
Scholiast.

But first, the infant Progeny of *Mars*

45 Join in the lists, and wage their pigmy wars ;

Train'd to the manual fight, and bruifeful toil,

The stop defensive, and gymnastic foil,

With nimble fists their early prowess show,

And mark the future Hero in each blow.

50 To these, the hardy iron race succeed,

All Sons of *Hockley* and fierce *Brick-street* breed :

Mature in valour, and inur'd to blood,

Dauntless each foe in form terrific stood ;

Their callous bodies, frequent in the fray,

55 Mock'd the fell stroke, nor to its force gave way.

'Mongst

V. 44. *infant progeny of Mars*] Our Author in this description alludes to the *Lusus Trojæ* of Virgil,

*Incedunt Pueri*_____

_____ *Trojæ Juventus*

_____ *Pugnæque ciunt simulachra sub armis.*

V. 51. *Hockley and fierce Brick-street breed*] Two famous Athletic Seminaries.

'Mongst these *Gloverius*, not the last in fame,
 And he whose Clog delights the beauteous Dame ;
 Nor least thy praise, whose artificial Light,
 In *Dian's* absence, gilds the clouds of night.

60 While these the Combat's direful arts display,
 And share the bloody fortunes of the day,
 Each Hero sat, revolving in his soul
 The various means that might his foe controul ;
 Conquest and Glory each proud bosom warms,
 65 When, lo ! the *Herald* summons them to arms..

T H E

V. 57. *And he whose Clog, &c.*] Here we are presented with a laudable imitation of the ancient simplicity of manners ; for, as *Cincinnatus* disdained not the homely employment of a *Ploughman*, so we see our Hero condescending to the humble occupation of a *Clog-maker* ; and this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteristic of Modern Heroism, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

V. 58. *whose artificial Light,*] Various and violent have been the controversies, whether our Author here intended to celebrate a *Lamp-lighter*, or a *Link-boy* ; but as there are Heroes of both capacities at present in the School of Honour, it is difficult to determine, whether the Poet alludes to a *Wells*, or a *Buckhorse*.

Might this Gleaner, not the last in time,

And the whole Clog delights the banished Dame

Not least thy praise, whose critical light

In Duns absence, glides the clouds of night.

While in the Combat's dust and display

Are seen the bloody trophies of the day

Each Hero is resolving in his fold

The golden means that might his foes control

Conquest and Glory each proud bosom warms

When, lo! the Arms themselves seem to arms

THE

And the whole Clog, that we are destined with a hand,
 able imitator of the ancient simplicity of manner, for as Cassius
 said, the honest employment of a Ploughman, to see our
 state, and depending on the humble occupation of a day-laborer, and
 this is the more to be admired, as it is one characteristic of Modesty
 Heron, to be either above or below any occupation at all.

V. 2. And the whole Clog, that we are destined with a hand,
 however, which, as a laborer, is intended to create a Lamp-lighter,
 or a Link-boy, but as there are others of both capacities at present in
 the school of Idleness, it is difficult to determine, whether the Poet
 alludes to a Wall, or a Link-boy.

THE
A R G U M E N T
O F T H E
S E C O N D B O O K.

STEPHENSON enters the Lifts; a description of his Figure; an encomium on his Abilities, with respect to the character of Coachman. *Broughton* advances; his reverend Form described; his superior skill in the management of the Lighter and Wherry display'd; his triumph of the Badge celebrated; his Speech; his former Victories recounted; the preparation for the Combat, and the horror of the Spectators.*

* *Argument.*] It was doubtless in obedience to custom, and the example of other great Poets, that our Author has thought proper to prefix an Argument to each Book, being minded that nothing should be wanting in the usual Paraphernalia of works of this kind.—For my own part, I am at a loss to account for the use of them, unless it be to swell a Volume, or, like bills of fare, to advertise the Reader what he is to expect; that, if it contains nothing likely to suit his taste, he may preserve his appetite for the next course,

AR C U M E N T

OF THE

SECOND BOOK.

STEPHENSON enters the lists; a description of his figure; an account of his abilities, with respect to the character of Cornishman; his personal appearance; his various forms described; his superior skill in the management of the Lagan and Wherry displayed; his triumph at the Barge Colbrich; his speech; his former Victories recounted; the preparations for the Combat, and the power of the Spectators.

[It was thought a spectacle to caution, and the example of other great men, that our Author has thought proper to prefix to each Book, being intended that might be useful in the most particular of ways of this kind. For the first time, I have a pleasure in the use of them, which I do to show a Volume of the first of the series, and to show, that it is a constant matter, I hope to see the next, in my pocket for the next coming.

B O O K II.

FIRST, to the Fight, advanc'd the Charioteer :

High hopes of glory on his brow appear ;

Terror vindictive flashes from his eye,

(To one the Fates the visual ray deny) ;

5 Fierce glow'd his looks, which spoke his inward rage ;

He leaps the bar, and bounds upon the stage.

The roofs re-eccho with exulting cries,

And all behold him with admiring eyes.

Ill-fated Youth ! what rash desires could warm

10 Thy manly heart, to dare the *Triton's* arm ?

Ah ! too unequal to these martial deeds,

Tho' none more skill'd to rule the foaming Steeds.

L

The

V. 6, 7. *He leaps the bar, &c.* }

The roofs re-eccho }

See the descriptions of *Dares* in
Virgil.

Nec mora, continuo vastis cum viribus effert

Ora Dares, magnoque virum se murmure tollit.

The Courfers, still obedient to thy rein,

Now urge their flight, or now their flight restrain.

15 Had mighty *Diomed* provok'd the Race,

Thou far had'st left the *Grecian* in disgrace.

Where-e'er you drove, each Inn confess'd your sway,

Maids brought the dram, and Ostlers flew with hay.

But know, tho' skill'd to guide the rapid Car,

20 None wages like thy foe the Manual War.

Now *Neptune's* Offspring dreadfully serene,

Of size gigantic, and tremendous mien,

Steps forth, and 'midst the fated Lifts appears ;

Rev'rend his form, but yet not worn with years.

25 To him none equal, in his youthful day,

With feather'd Oar to skim the liquid way ;

Or

V. 19. *But know, tho' skill'd*] Here our Author inculcates a fine moral, by showing how apt Men are to mistake their talents ; but were Men only to act in their proper spheres, how often should we see the *Parson* in the pew of the *Peasant*, the *Author* in the character of his *Hawker*, or a *Beau* in the livery of his *Footman* ! &c.

Or thro' those streights whose waters stun the ear,
 The loaded Lighter's bulky weight to steer.
 Soon as the Ring their ancient Warrior view'd,
 30 Joy fill'd their hearts, and thund'ring shouts ensu'd;
 Loud as when o'er *Thamesis*' gentle flood,
 Superior with the *Triton* Youths he row'd;
 While far a-head his winged Wherry flew,
 Touch'd the glad shore, and claim'd the *Badge* its due.
 35 Then thus indignant he accosts the Foe,
 (While high Disdain sat prideful on his brow :)
 Long has the laurel-wreath victorious spread
 Its sacred honours round this hoary head ;

V. 34. *the Badge its due.*] A Prize given by Mr. Dogget, to be annually contested on the first of August.—As, among the Ancients, *Games* and *Sports* were celebrated on mournful as well as joyful events, there has been some controverfy, whether our *loyal Comedian* meant the compliment to the setting or rising Monarch of *that day*; but, as the Plate has a *horse* for its device, I am induced to impute it to the latter; and, doubtless, he prudently considered, that, as a living *dog* is better than a dead *lion*, the living *horse* had, at least, an equal title to the same preference.

The prize of conquest in each doubtful fray,
 40 And dear reward of many a dire-fought day.
 Now Youth's cold wane the vig'rous pulse has chas'd,
 Froze all my blood, and ev'ry nerve unbrac'd;
 Now, from these temples shall the spoils be torn,
 In scornful triumph by my Foe be worn?
 45 What then avail my various deeds in arms,
 If this proud crest thy feeble force difarms?
 Lost be my glories to recording Fame,
 When, foil'd by Thee, the Coward blasts my name!
 I, who e'er Manhood my young joints had knit,
 50 First taught the fierce *Grettonius* to submit;
 While, drench'd in blood, he prostrate press'd the floor,
 And inly groan'd the fatal words----*no more.*

Al-

V. 42. *Froze all my blood,*] See Virgil.

—Sed enim gelidus tardante senecta
Sanguis hebet, frigentque effictæ in corpore vires.

V. 50. *Fierce Grettonius to submit;*] *Gretton*, the most famous Athleta in his days, over whom our Hero obtained his maiden prize.

Allenius too, who ev'ry heart difmay'd,
 Whose blows, like hail, flew rattling round the head;
 55 Him oft the Ring beheld with weeping eyes,
 Stretch'd on the ground, reluctant yield the prize.
 Then fell the *Swain*, with whom none e'er could vie,
 Where *Harrow's* steeple darts into the sky.
 Next the bold Youth a bleeding victim lay,
 60 Whose waving curls the Barber's art display.

You

V. 53. *Allenius too, &c.*] Vulgarly known by the Plebeian name of *Pipes*, which a learned Critic will have to be derived from the art and mystery of *Pipe-making*, in which it is affirmed this Hero was an adept.—As he was the *delicium pugnacis generis*, our Author, with marvellous judgement, represents the Ring weeping at his defeat.

V. 54. *Whose blows, like hail, &c.*] Virgil.

———*quam multa grandine nimbi*
Culminibus crepitant.———

V. 57. *Then fell the Swain,*] *Jeffrey Birch*, who, in several encounters, served only to augment the number of our Hero's triumphs.

V. 59. *Next the bold Youth*] As this *Champion* is still living, and even disputes the palm of manhood with our Hero himself, I shall leave him to be the subject of Immortality in some future *Gymnasiad*, should the superiority of his prowess ever justify his title to the *Corona pugnea*.

You too this arm's tremendous prowess know ;
 Rash Man, to make this arm again thy foe !

This said-----the Heroes for the Fight prepare,
 Brace their big limbs, and brawny bodies bare.

65 The sturdy finews all aghast behold,
 And ample shoulders of *Atlean* mould ;
 Like *Titan*'s offspring, who 'gainst Heaven strove,
 So each, tho' mortal, seem'd a match for *Jove*.
 Now round the ring a silent horror reigns,
 70 Speechless each tongue, and bloodless all their veins ;
 When, lo ! the Champions give the dreadful sign,
 And hand in hand in friendly token join ;
 Those iron hands, which soon upon the foe
 With giant-force must deal the deathful blow.

V. 63. *This said, &c.*] Virgil.

*Hæc fatus, duplicem ex Humeris rejecit Amictum ;
 Et magnos Membrorum Artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 Exuit.*

THE
A R G U M E N T
OF THE
T H I R D B O O K.

A Description of the Battle; *Stephenson* is vanquished; the manner of his Body being carried off by his Friends; *Broughton* claims the Prize, and takes his final leave of the Stage.

THE
AR G U M E N T
OF THE
THIRD BOOK.

It is the son of the Father, begotten in substance, the manner of
his birth is not said of by his Father; but rather claims the
Father, and also his first love of the Son.

B O O K III.

FULL in the centre now they fix in form,
 Eye meeting eye, and arm oppos'd to arm ;
 With wily feints each other now provoke,
 And cautious meditate th' impending stroke.
 5 Th' impatient Youth, inspir'd by hopes of fame,
 First sped his arm, unfaithful to its aim ;
 The wary Warrior, watchful of his Foe,
 Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow ;
 With erring glance it sounded by his ear,
 10 And whizzing, spent its idle force in air.

M

Then

V. 7, 8. ——— watchful of his Foe,

Bends back, and 'scapes the death-designing blow ;

} Virgil.

——— ille Ictum venientem a vertice velox

Prævidit, celerique elapsus corpore cessit.

V. 10. its idle force in air.] Idem.

——— vires in ventum effudit ———

Then quick advancing on th' unguarded head,
 A dreadful show'r of thunderbolts he shed :
 As when a Whirlwind, from some cavern broke,
 With furious blasts assaults the monarch Oak,
 15 This way and that its lofty top it bends,
 And the fierce storm the crackling branches rends ;
 So wav'd the head, and now to left and right
 Rebounding flies, and crash'd beneath the weight.

Like the young Lion wounded by a dart,
 20 Whose fury kindles at the galling smart ;
 The Hero rouses with redoubled rage,
 Flies on his Foe, and foams upon the stage.

Now

V. 19. *Like the young Lion*] It may be observed, that our Author has treated the Reader but with one simile throughout the two foregoing Books, but, in order to make him ample amends, has given him no less than six in this. Doubtless this was in imitation of *Homer*, and artfully intended to heighten the dignity of the main action, as well as our admiration, towards the conclusion of his work.—*Finis coronat Opus*.

Now grappling, both in close contention join,
 Legs lock in legs, and arms in arms entwine :
 25 They sweat, they heave, each tugging nerve they strain ;
 Both, fix'd as oaks, their sturdy trunks sustain.
 At length the Chief his wily art display'd,
 Poiz'd on his hip the hapless Youth he laid ;
 Aloft in air his quiv'ring limbs he throw'd,
 30 Then on the ground down dash'd the pond'rous load.
 So some vast Ruin on a mountain's brow,
 Which tott'ring hangs, and dreadful nods below,
 When the fierce tempest the foundation rends,
 Whirl'd thro' the air with horrid crush descends.
 35 Bold and undaunted up the Hero rose,
 Fiercer his bosom for the Combat glows ;

M 3

Shame

V. 24. *Arms in arms entwine ;*] Virgil.

Immiscetque manus manibus, pugnamque laceffunt.

V. 35. *Bold and undaunted, &c.*] Virgil.

At non tardatus casu, neque territus Heros,

Acrior ad pugnam redit, & vim suscitât ira.

Tum pudor incendit vires—————

Shame stung his manly heart, and fiery rage
New steel'd each nerve, redoubled war to wage.

Swift to revenge the dire disgrace he flies,

40 Again suspended on the hip he lies ;

Dash'd on the ground, again had fatal fell,

Haply the barrier caught his flying heel ;

There fast it hung, th' imprison'd head gave way,

And the strong arm defrauded of its prey.

45 Vain strove the Chief to whirl the mountain o'er ;

It flipt---he headlong rattles on the floor.

Around

V. 42. *Haply the barrier, &c.*] Our Author, like *Homer* himself, is no less to be admired in the character of an Historian than in that of a Poet : we see him here faithfully reciting the most minute incidents of the Battle, and informing us, that the youthful Hero, being on the Lock, must again inevitably have come to the ground, had not his heel caught the Bar ; and that his Antagonist, by the violence of his straining, flipt his arm over his head, and by that means received the fall he intended the Enemy.—I thought it incumbent on me as a Commentator to say thus much, to illustrate the meaning of our Author, which might seem a little obscure to those who are unacquainted with conflicts of this kind.

Around the ring loud peals of thunder rise,
And shouts exultant eccho to the skies.

Uplifted now inanimate he seems,
50 Forth from his nostrils gush the purple streams ;
Gasping for breath, and impotent of hand,
The Youth beheld his Rival stagg'ring stand :
But he, alas ! had felt th' unnerving blow,
And gaz'd, unable to assault the Foe.

55 As when two Monarchs of the brindled breed
Dispute the proud dominion of the mead,
They fight, they foam, then weary'd in the fray,
Aloof retreat, and low'ring stand at bay ;

So

V. 48. *eccho to the skies, &c.*] Virgil.

It clamor cælo————

The learned Reader will perceive our Author's frequent allusions to Virgil ; and whether he intended them as Translations or Imitations of the Roman Poet, must give us pause : but as, in our modern productions, we find *Imitations* are generally nothing more than *bad Translations*, and *Translations* nothing more than *bad Imitations* ; it would equally, I suppose, satisfy the gall of the Critic, should these unluckily fall within either description.

So stood the Heroes, and indignant glar'd,

60 While grim with blood their rueful fronts were smear'd ;

Till with returning strength new rage returns,

Again their arms are steel'd, again each bosom burns.

Incessant now their hollow fides they pound,

Loud on each breast the bounding bangs resound ;

65 Their flying fists around the temples glow,

And the jaws crackle with the massy blow.

The raging Combat ev'ry eye appalls,

Strokes following strokes, and falls succeeding falls.

Now droop'd the Youth, yet, urging all his might,

70 With feeble arm still vindicates the Fight,

Till on the part where heav'd the panting breath,

A fatal blow impress'd the seal of death.

Down

V. 63. *Incessant now, &c.*] Virgil.

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant :

Multa cavo lateri ingeminant, & pectore vastos

Dant sonitus, erratque aures & tempora circum

Crebra manus : duro crepitant sub vulnere malæ.

Down dropt the Hero, welt'ring in his gore,
 And his stretch'd limbs lay quiv'ring on the floor.
 75 So, when a Falcon skims the airy way,
 Stoops from the clouds, and pounces on his prey ;
 Dash'd on the earth the feather'd Victim lies,
 Expands its feeble wings, and, flutt'ring, dies.
 His faithful Friends their dying Hero rear'd,
 80 O'er his broad shoulders dangling hung his head ;
 Dragging its limbs, they bear the body forth,
 Mash'd teeth and clotted blood came issuing from his
 mouth.

Thus then the Victor-----O celestial Pow'r !
 Who gave this arm to boast one triumph more ;

Now

V. 79. *His faithful Friends*] Virgil.

*Ast illum fidi Æquales, genua ægra trabentem,
 Jactantemque utroque caput, crassumque cruorem
 Ore rejectantem, mistosque in sanguine dentes,
 Ducunt ad naves-----*

88 T H E G Y M N A S I A D.

85 Now grey in glory, let my labours cease,
My blood-stain'd Laurel wed the branch of Peace ;
Lur'd by the lustre of the golden Prize,
No more in Combat this proud crest shall rise ;
To future Heroes future deeds belong,
90 Be mine the theme of some immortal song.

This said---he seiz'd the prize, while round the ring,
High soar'd Applause on Acclamation's wing.

V. 88. *No more in Combat, &c.]* Idem.

——*hic Victor cæstus, artemque repono.*

T H E E N D.

H O N O U R:

A

S A T I R E.

Written in 1747.

Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;

Scilicet uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.

HOR.

N

H O N O R :

A

S A T I R E.

Written in 1747.

Præterea populi virtutis populumque tribuitur :

Scilicet uni equis virtuti equis que amicitia.

Hor.

H O N O U R.

“ **L**OAD, load the Pallet, Boy !” hark ! HOGARTH cries,
“ Fast as I paint, fresh swarms of Fools arise !

“ Groups rise on groups, and mock the Pencil’s pow’r,

“ To catch each new-blown folly of the hour.”

While hum’rous HOGARTH paints each Folly dead,
Shall Vice triumphant rear its hydra head ?

At Satire’s sov’ reign nod disdain to shrink ?

New reams of paper, and fresh floods of ink !

On then, my Muse ! *Herculean* labours dare,

And wage with Virtue’s foes eternal war ;

Range thro’ the Town in search of ev’ry ill,

And cleanse th’ *Augean* Stable with thy quill.

- " But what avails the poignance of the song,
 " Since all, you cry, still persevere in wrong?
 " Would courtly crimes to MULGRAVE's* Muse submit?
 " Or blush'd the Monarch tho' a WILMOT† writ?
 " Still pandar Peers disgrac'd the rooms of State,
 " Still *Cæsar's* bed sustain'd a foreign weight;
 " Slaves worshipping'd still the golden Calf of Pow'r,
 " And Bishops, bowing, bless'd the Scarlet Whore.
 " Shall then thy Verse the guilty Great reclaim,
 " Tho' fraught with DRYDEN's heav'n-descended flame?
 " Will harpy HEATHCOTE, from his mould'ring store,
 " Drag forth one chearing drachma to the poor?
 " Or HARRINGTON, unfaithful to the Seal,
 " Throw in one suffrage for the Public Weal?
 " Pointless all Satire, and misplac'd its aim,
 " To wound the bosom, that's obdur'd to shame:
 " The callous heart ne'er feels the goad within;
 " Few dread the censure, who can dare the sin.

Tho'

* *Author of Horace's Art of Poetry, and afterwards Duke of Buckingham.*

† Earl of Rochester.

Tho' on the Culprit's cheek no blush should glow,
Still let me mark him to Mankind a foe ;
Strike but the deer, however slight the wound,
It serves at least to drive him from the sound.
Shall reptile sinners frowning Justice fear,
And pageant Titles privilege the Peer ?
So falls the humbler game in common fields,
While the branch'd beast the royal forest shields.
On, Satire, then ! pursue thy gen'rous plan,
And wind the vice, regardless of the Man.
Rouze, rouze ! th' ennobled Herd for public sport,
And hunt them thro' the covert of a Court.

Just as the Play'r the mimic portrait draws,
All claim a right of censure or applause :
What guards the Place-man from an equal fate,
Who mounts but Actor on the Stage of State ?
Subject alike to each Man's praise and blame,
Each critic voice the *fiat* of his fame ;

Tho'

Tho' to the private some respect we pay,
All *public* characters are *public* prey :
PELHAM and GARRICK, let the verse forbear
What sanctifies the *Treasurer* or *Play'r*.

Great in her laurel'd Sages *Athens* see,
Free flow'd her Satire while her Sons were free :
Then purpled guilt was dragg'd to public shame,
And each offence stood flagrant with a name ;
Polluted Ermine no respect could win,
No hallow'd Lawn could sanctify a sin ;
'Till tyrant Pow'r usurp'd a lawless rule :
Then sacred grew the titled Knave and Fool ;
Then penal Statutes aw'd the poignant Song,
And Slaves were taught, that *Kings could do no Wrong*.

Guilt still is guilt, to me, in Slave or King,
Fetter'd in Cells, or garter'd in the Ring :

And

And yet behold how various the reward,
 WILD falls a Felon, WALPOLE* mounts a Lord !
 The *little* Knave the Law's last tribute pays,
 While Crowns around the *great* One's chariot blaze.
 Blaze, meteors, blaze ! to me is still the same
 The Cart of Justice, or the Coach of Shame.

Say, what's Nobility, ye gilded Train !
 Does Nature give it, or can Guilt sustain ?
 Blooms the form fairer, if the birth be high ;
 Or takes the vital stream a richer dye ?
 What ! tho' a long Patrician line ye claim,
 Are noble souls entail'd upon a name ?
Anstis may ermine out the lordly earth,
 Virtue's the herald that proclaims its worth.

Hence mark the radiance of a STANHOPE's star,
 And glow-worm glitter of thine, D***R : Ig-

* Though the person here meant has indeed paid the debt of Nature, yet, as he left that of Justice unsatisfied, the Author apprehends that the Public are indisputably entitled to the assets of his reputation.

Ignoble splendor ! that but shines to all,
 The humble badge of a Court Hospital.
 Let lofty L**R wave his nodding plume,
 Boast all the blushing honours of the loom,
 Resplendent bondage no regard can bring,
 'Tis *Methuen's* heart must dignify the string.

Vice levels all, however high or low ;
 And all the diff'rence but consists in show.
 Who asks an alms, or supplicates a Place,
 Alike is beggar, tho' in rags or lace :
 Alike his Country's scandal and its curse,
 Who vends a Vote, or who purloins a purse ;
 Thy Gamblers, *Bridewell*, and *St. James's* Bites,
 The Rooks of *Mordington's*, and Sharks at *White's*.

“ Why will you urge, *Eugenio* cries, your fate ?

“ Affords the Town no fins but fins of State ?

“ Perches Vice only on the Court's high hill ?

“ Or yields Life's vale no quarry for the quill ?”

Manners

Manners, like fashions, still from Courts descend,
And what the Great begin, the Vulgar end.
If vicious then the mode, correct it here ;
He saves the Peasant, who reforms the Peer.
What *Hounslow* Knight would stray from Honour's path,
If guided by a Brother of the *Bath* ?

Honour's a mistress all mankind pursue ;
Yet most mistake the false one for the true :
Lur'd by the trappings, dazzled by the paint,
We worship oft the Idol for the Saint.
Court'd by all, by few the Fair is won ;
Those lose who seek her, and those gain who shun :
Naked she flies to Merit in distress,
And leaves to Courts the garnish of her dress.

The million'd Merchant seeks her in his Gold ;
In Schools the Pedant, and in Camps the Bold ;

The Courtier views her, with admiring eyes,
Flutter in Ribbons, or in Titles rise :
Sir *Epicene* enjoys her in his Plume ;
MEAD, in the learned Wainscot of a Room :
By various ways all woo the modest Maid ;
Yet lose the substance, grasping at the shade.

Who, smiling, sees not with what various strife
Man blindly runs the giddy maze of life ?
To the same end still diff'rent means employs ;
This builds a Church, a Temple That destroys ;
Both anxious to obtain a deathless name,
Yet, erring, both mistake *Report* for *Fame*.

Report, tho' vulture-like the name it bear,
Drags but the carrion carcass thro' the air ;
While *Fame*, Jove's nobler bird, superior flies,
And, soaring, mounts the mortal to the skies.

So RICHARD'S* name to distant ages borne,
Unhappy RICHARD still is *Britain's* scorn :
Be EDWARD'S wafted on *Fame's* eagle wing,
Each Patriot mourns the long-departed King ;
Yet thine, O EDWARD ! shall to GEORGE'S† yield,
And *Dettingen* eclipse a *Cressy's* field.

Thro' Life's wild Ocean, who would safely roam,
And bring the golden fleece of Glory home,
Must, heedful, shun the barking *Scylla's* roar,
And fell *Charybdis's* all-devouring shore ;
With steady helm an equal course support,
'Twixt Faction's rocks, and quicksands of a Court ,
By Virtue's beacon still direct his aim,
Thro' Honour's channel, to the port of *Fame*.

Yet, on this sea, how all mankind are tost !
For one that's fav'd, what multitudes are lost !

Mis-

* Richard the Second.

† George the Second.

Misguided by *Ambition's* treach'rous light,
Thro' want of skill, few make the harbour right.

Hence mark what wrecks of Virtue, Friendship, Fame,
For four dead letters added to a name!
Whence dwells such Syren Music in a word,
Or sounds not *Brutus* noble as *My Lord*?

Tho' crownets, PULT'NEY, blazon on thy plate,
Adds the base mark one scruple to its weight?
Tho' sounds Patrician swell thy name, O SANDYS!
Stretches one acre thy Plebeian Lands?
Say, the proud title meant to plume the Son,
Why gain by guilt, what Virtue might have won?
Vain shall the Son his herald honours trace,
Whose Parent *Peer's* but *Patriot* in disgrace.

Vain, on the solemn head of hoary age,
Totters the Mitre, if *Ambition's* rage
To mammon Pow'r the hallow'd heart incline,
And Titles only mark the *Priest* divine. Blest

Blest race! to whom the golden age remains,
Ease without care, and plenty without pains:
For you the earth unlabour'd treasure yields,
And the rich sheaves spontaneous crown the fields;
No toilsome dews pollute the rev'rend brow,
Each holy hand unhardened by the plough;
Still burst the sacred garners with their store,
And flails, unceasing, thunder on the floor.

O bounteous Heav'n! yet Heav'n how seldom shares
The titheful tribute of the *Prelate's* pray'rs!
Lost to the Stall, in Senates still they nod,
And all the *Monarch* steals them from the *God*:
Thy praises, BRUNSWICK, every breast inspire,
The Throne their Altar, and the Court their Choir;
Here earliest incense they devoutly bring,
Here everlasting Hallelujahs sing:
Thou! only Thou! almighty to-----*translate*,
Thou their great golden Deity of State.

Who

Who seeks on Merit's stock to graft success,
In vain invokes the ray of Pow'r to bless ;
The stem, too stubborn for the courtly foil,
With barren branches mocks the virtuous toil.
More pliant plants the royal regions suit,
Where Knowledge still is held *forbidden fruit* ;
'Tis these alone the kindly nurture share,
And all *Hesperia's* golden treasures bear.

Let Folly still be Fortune's fondling heir,
And Science meet a step-dame in the Fair.
Let Courts, like Fortune, disinherit Sense,
And take the idiot charge from Providence.
The idiot head the cap and bells may fit,
But how disguise a LYTTELTON and PITT !

O ! once-lov'd Youths ! *Britannia's* blooming hope,
Fair Freedom's twins, and once the theme of POPE ;
What wond'ring Senates on your accents hung,
Ere Flatt'ry's poison chill'd the patriot tongue !

Rome's

Rome's sacred thunder awes no more the ear ;
But PELHAM smiles, who trembled once to hear.

Say, whence this change ? less galling is the chain,
Tho' WALPOLE, CARTERET, or a PELHAM reign ?
If Senates still the pois'nous *bane* imbibe,
And every palm grows callous with the bribe ;
If Sev'n long Years mature the venal voice,
While Freedom mourns her long-defrauded choice ;
If Justice waves o'er Fraud a lenient hand,
And the red Locust rages thro' the land.

Sunk in these bonds, to BRITAIN what avails,
Who wields her Sword, or balances her Scales ?
Veer round the compass, change to change succeed,
By every Son the Mother now must bleed :
Vain all her hosts, on foreign shores array'd,
Tho' lost by WENTWORTH, or preserv'd by WADE.

Fleets, once which spread thro' distant worlds her name !
 Now ride inglorious trophies of her shame ;*
 While fading laurels shade her drooping head,
 And mark her BURLEIGHS, BLAKES, and MARLBRO's dead !

Such were thy Sons, O happy ISLE ! of old,
 In counsel prudent, and in action bold :
 Now view a PELHAM puzzling o'er thy fate,
 Lost in the maze of a perplex'd debate ;
 And sage NEWCASTLE, with fraternal skill,
 Guard the nice conduct of a Nation's quill :
 See Truncheons trembling in the Coward hand,
 Tho' bold Rebellion half subdued the land ;
 While Ocean's God, indignant, wrests again
 The long-deputed Trident of the Main.† Sleep

* Alluding to the ever-memorable No-FIGHT in the Mediterranean :
 As the Nation was unluckily the only victim on that occasion, the *lenity*
 of our Aquarian Judicature has, I think, evidently proved, that a *Court-*
Martial and a *Martial-Court* are by no means synonymous terms.

† The Reader will readily conclude these lines were written before
 our worthy Admirals ANSON and WARREN had so eminently distin-
 guished themselves in the service of their Country.

Sleep our *last* Heroes in the silent tomb?
Why spring no future Worthies from the womb?
Not Nature sure, since Nature's still the same,
But Education bars the road to Fame.
Who hopes for Wisdom's crop, must till the soul,
And Virtue's early lesson should controul:
To the young breast who Valour would impart,
Must plant it by example in the heart.

Ere BRITAIN fell to Mimic Modes a prey,
And took the *foreign polish* of our day,
Train'd to the Martial labours of the field,
Our Youth were taught the massy spear to wield;
In halcyon Peace, beneath whose downy wings
The Merchant smiles, and lab'ring Peasant sings,
With Civil arts to guard their Country's cause,
Direct her counsels, and defend her laws:
Hence a long race of ancient Worthies rose,
Adorn'd the land, and triumph'd o'er our foes.

Ye sacred Shades ! who thro' th' Elysian grove,
With Rome's fam'd Chiefs, and Grecian Sages rove,
Blush to behold what arts your offspring grace !
Each fopling Heir now marks his Sire's disgrace ;
An embrio breed ! of such a doubtful frame,
You scarce could know the sex but by the name :
Fraught with the native follies of his home,
Torn from the nurse, the Babe of Birth must roam ;
Thro' foreign climes exotic vice explore,
And cull each weed, regardless of the flow'r,
Proud of thy spoils, O *Italy* and *France* !
The soft enervate strain, and cap'ring dance :
From *Sequan's* streams, and winding banks of *Po*,
He comes, ye Gods ! an all-accomplish'd Beau !
Unhumaniz'd in dress, with cheek so wan !
He mocks God's image in the Mimic Man ;
Great Judge of Arts ! o'er toilettes now presides,
Corrects our fashions, or an *Op'ra* guides ;

From

From Tyrant HANDEL rends th' Imperial bay,
And guards the *Magna Charta* of — *Sol-fa*.

Sick of a land where *Virtue* dwells no more,
See LIBERTY* prepar'd to quit our shore !
Pruning her pinions, on yon beacon'd height
The Goddess stands, and meditates her flight ;
Now spreads her wings, unwilling yet to fly,
Again o'er BRITAIN casts a pitying eye :
Loath to depart, methinks I hear her say,
“ *Why urge me thus, ungrateful ISLE, away !*
“ For you, I left *Achaia's* happy plains,
“ For you, resign'd my *Romans* to their chains ;
“ Here fondly fix'd my last lov'd favourite seat,
“ And 'midst the mighty nations made THREE great :

Why

* *These lines and sentiments are very prophetic ; but WHITEHEAD never lived to see his darling LIBERTY take her flight to America.—His compliment to the EARL of CHESTERFIELD is fraught with truth ; and all his Lordship's private letters and opinions feelingly describe the fate and fall of these Kingdoms.*

" *Why urge me then, ungrateful ISLE, away !*"

Again she, sighing, says, or seems to say.

O STANHOPE !* skill'd in ev'ry moving art,
That charms the ear, or captivates the heart !
Be your's the task, the Goddess to retain,
And call her Parent VIRTUE back again ;
Improve your *pow'r* a sinking land to save,
And vindicate the Servant from the Slave :
O ! teach the vassal Courtier how to share
The Royal favour with the Public pray'r :
Like *Latium's* GENIUS† stem thy Country's doom,
And, tho' a CÆSAR smile, remember ROME ;
With all the *Patriot* dignify the *Place*,
And prove at least one Statesman may have grace.

* EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

† BRUTUS.

T H E E N D.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
DOCTOR THOMPSON.

Published in 1751.

Sed quia mente minus validus, quam corpore toto,

Nil audire velim, nil discere, quod levet ægrum,

Fidis offendar medicis.-----

HOR.

EPITAPH

DOCTOR THOMPSON

Published in 1871.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE
DOCTOR THOMPSON

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE
DOCTOR THOMPSON

P R E F A C E.

THE Reader will perceive, from two or three passages in the following Epistle, that it was written some time since ; nor indeed would the whole of it have now been thought interesting enough to the Public, to have passed the Press, had not the Physical Persecution, carried on against the Gentleman* to whom it is addressed, provoked the Publication. When a Body of Men, too proud to own their errors,

** The celebrated Dr. THOMPSON was one of the Physicians to FREDERICK, Prince of Wales, in that disorder which ended his life. Upon that occasion, the Doctor differed from all the Physicians that attended his Highness, which brought upon him their most virulent rage and indignation ; for the Prince dying, the world was inclined to favour Doctor THOMPSON's recommendations. He was an intimate Friend of Mr. P. WHITEHEAD, and a favourite with him at the Prince's Court. He was a Man of a peculiar character ; but learned, singular, and ingenuous.*

errors, and too prudent to part with *their fees*, shall (with their Legions of Understrappers) enter into a conspiracy against a Brother-Practitioner, only for *honestly* endeavouring to moderate the one, and rectify the other; such a Body, our Author apprehends, becomes a justifiable object of Satire; and only wishes his pen had, on this occasion, a like killing efficacy with theirs.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O
DOCTOR THOMPSON.

WHY do you ask, " that in this courtly dance,
" Of In and Out, it ne'er was yet my chance,
" To bask beneath a Statesman's fust'ring smile,
" And share the plunder of the Public Spoil ?"

E'er wants my table the health-cheering meal,
With *Banstead* Mutton crown'd, or *Essex* Veal ?
Smokes not from *Lincoln* meads the stately Loin,
Or rosy Gammon of *Hantonian* Swine ?
From *Darkin's* roosts the Feather'd victims bleed,
And *Thames* still wafts me Ocean's scaly Breed.

Q

Tho'

Tho' *Gallia's* Vines their costly juice deny,
 Still *Tajo's** banks the jocund glass supply;
 Still distant worlds nectareous treasures roll,
 And either *India* sparkles in my bowl;
 Or *Devon's* boughs, or *Dorset's* bearded fields,
 To *Britain's* arms a British beverage yields.

Rich in these gifts, why should I wish for more?
 Why barter conscience for superfluous store?
 Or haunt the levee of a purse-proud Peer,
 To rob poor FIELDING of the Curule chair?†

Let

* The Tagus—a principal river of Portugal, famous for golden sands.

Qua Tagus auriferis pallet turbatus arenis. SIL. xvi. 559.

† It is reported, that during the time Mr. ADDISON was Secretary of State, when his old Friend and Ally AMBROSE PHILLIPS applied to him for some preferment, the Great Man very coolly answered, that “He thought he had already provided for him, by making him Justice for Westminster.” To which the Bard, with some indignation, replied, “Though Poetry was a trade he *could not* live by, yet he scorned to owe his subsistence to another, which he *ought not* to live by.”—However Great Men, in our days, may practise the Secretary's *prudence*, certain it is, the Person here pointed at was very far from making a precedent of his Brother Poet's *principles*.

Let the lean Bard, whose belly, void of bread,
 Puffs up Pierian vapours to his head,
 In Birth-day Odes his flimsy fustian vent,
 And torture truth into a compliment ;
 Wear out the knocker of a Great-Man's door,
 Be Pimp and Poet, furnish Rhime or Whore ;
 Or fetch and carry for some foolish Lord,
 To sneak---a Sitting Footman at his board.
 If such the arts that captivate the Great,
 Be yours, ye Bards ! the sun-shine of a State ;
 For Place or Pension prostitute each line ;
 Make Gods of Kings, and Ministers divine ;
 Swear *St. John's* self could neither read nor write,
 And ***† out-bravoes *Mars* in fight ;

Call

† It is apprehended, our modern Campaigns cannot fail of furnishing the Reader with a proper supply for this passage.—*As these Gentlemen were supposed to be of the Tory Party, the DUKE of CUMBERLAND is the General meant here, who in 1745 acted so well against the Rebels.*

Call DORSET Patriot, WILLES* a Legal tool,

HORACE† a Wit, and DODINGTON a Fool.

Such be your venal task; whilst, blest with ease,

'Tis mine, to scribble when, and what I please.

“ Hold! what you please? (Sir D***y cries) my Friend,

“ Say, must my labours never, never end?

“ Still doom'd 'gainst wicked wit my pen to draw,

“ Correct each Bard by critic rules of Law;

“ 'Twixt Guilt and Shame the legal buckler place,

“ And guard each courtly Culprit from disgrace?

“ Hard

* LORD HIGH ADMIRAL WILLES—a title, by which this excellent Chief Magistrate is often distinguished among our Marine, for his spirited vindication of the supremacy of the CIVIL FLAG, and rectifying the *Martial mistakes* of some late *Naval Tribunals*.

† A certain Modern of that name, whose sole pretension to this character (except a little arch Buffoonery) consists in a truly Poetical negligence of his Person.

“ Hard task ! should future Jurymen inherit

“ The City-Twelve’s self-judging *British* spirit.”*

While You, my THOMPSON ! spite of Med’cine save,
Mark how the College peoples every Grave !
See MEAD transfer Estates from Sire to Son,
And * * bar succession to a Throne !†

See

* Alluding to the constitutional Verdict given on the Trial of WILLIAM OWEN, for publishing “ *The Case of the Honourable Alexander Murray, Esq.* ”——a pamphlet written by P. WHITEHEAD.

† This line furnishes a melancholy memento of the most fatal catastrophe that perhaps ever befel this nation. Among the various tributary verses which flowed on that occasion, our Author wrote the following ; and which he here takes the liberty to insert, being willing to seize every opportunity, to perpetuate his sense of our public loss, in the death of that truly PATRIOT PRINCE, FREDERICK.

*When JOVE, late revolving the state of Mankind,
’Mong Britons no traces of Virtue could find,
O’er the Island, indignant, he stretch’d forth his rod ;
Earth trembled, and Ocean acknowledg’d the God.||*

Still

|| Alluding to the preceding Earthquakes, in 1750.

See SHAW scarce leave the passing-bell a Fee,
 And N**'s fet the captive husband free !
 Tho' widow'd *Julia* giggles in her weed,
 Yet who arraigns the Doctor for the deed ?
 O'er Life and Death all absolute his will,
 Right the Prescription, whether cure or kill.

Not so,---whose Practice is the Mind's disease ;
 His Potion must not only cure, but please :
 Apply the Caustic to the callous heart,
 Undone's the Doctor, if the Patient smart ;
 Superior Pow'rs his mental Bill controul,
 And Law corrects the Physic of the Soul.*

Shall

*Still provok'd by our crimes, Heaven's vengeance to show,
 Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at Britain the blow ;
 But pausing—more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
 Threw the thunder aside, and sent Fate for the PRINCE.*

* A like correction, with regard to the Physic of the Body, might prove no bad security for the Life and Property of the Patient, as the Faculty are at present accountable to no other Power but that of Heaven,
 for

Shall *Galen's* Sons with privilege destroy,
 And I not one sound Alt'rative employ,
 To drive the rank distemper from within?
 Or is Man's Life less precious than his Sin?

With palsied hand should Justice hold the scale,
 And o'er a Judge court-complaisance prevail,
 Satire's strong dose the malady requires:
 I write---when, lo! the Bench indignant fires;
 Each hoary head erects its Load of Hair;
 Their Furs all bristle, and their Eye-balls glare;
 In rage they roar, "With rev'rend Ermine sport!
 "Seize! seize him, Tipstaff!----'Tis Contempt of Court."

Led

for the rectitude of their conduct.—And perhaps no civilised Nation can afford such an instance of Physical Anarchy as ours, where the Surgeon is permitted to usurp the province of the Physician, and the Apothecary plumes himself in the Perriwig and Plunder of both professions.—In a public-spirited endeavour to cure this Anarchy, and restore a proper discipline in practice, consists a THOMPSON'S Empiricism.—*Hinc illæ lacrymæ.*—

Led by the meteor of a Mitre's ray,
If *Sion's* Sons thro' paths unhallow'd stray,
For courtly Rites neglect each rubric Rule,
Quit all the Saint, and truckle all the Tool ;
Their Maker only in the Monarch see,
Nor e'er omit, at BRUNSWICK's name, the Knee ;
To cure this loyal Lethargy of Grace,
And rouse to Heav'n again its recreant race,
Say ! should the *Muse*, with one irrev'rend line,
Probe but the mortal part of the Divine ;
'Tis Blasphemy, by ev'ry Priest decreed !
No Benefit of Clergy may I plead ;
With every Cannon* pointed at my head,
Alive I'm cenfur'd, and I'm damn'd when dead.

Lawyer

* A certain piece of Spiritual Ordnance, which was formerly played off with great execution by our Church-militant ; but at present no otherwise terrible, than in its fulminating explosion.

Lawyer and Priest, like Doctors, still agree ;
 'Tis theirs to give advice ; 'tis ours, the Fee :
 To them alone all earthly rule is giv'n,
 Diploma'd from *St. James's*, and from *Heav'n*.

Yet ills there are, nor Bench, nor Pulpit reach ;
 In vain may RYDER charge, or SHERLOCK preach ;
 For Law too mighty, and too proud for Grace,
 Lurk in the Star, or lord it in a Place ;
 Brood in the sacred circle of a Crown,
 While Fashion wafts their poison thro' the Town :
 Hence o'er each Village the contagion wings,
 And Peasants catch the maladies of Kings.

When purpled Vice shall humble Justice awe,
 And Fashion make it current, spite of Law ;
 What sovereign Med'cine can its course reclaim ?
 What, but the Poet's *Panacea*----Shame !

R

Thus

Thus Wit's great *Esculapius** once prevail'd,
And Satire triumph'd, where the *Fasces* fail'd:
No Consul's wreath could lurking Folly hide,
No Vestal looks secure the guilty Bride:
The poignant Verse pierc'd thro' each fair disguise,
And made *Rome's* Matrons modest, Statesmen wife.

Search all your Statutes, Serjeant! where's the balm
Can cure the itching of a Courtier's palm?
Where the chaste Canon, say, thou hallow'd Sage,
The Virgin's glowing wishes can assuage?
Let but the Star his longing Lordship see,
What pow'r can set the captive Conscience free?
Hang but the sparkling Pendant at her ears,
What trembling Maid the gen'rous Lover fears?

When

* Horatius Flaccus,

When lawless passion seiz'd th' Imperial Dame,||
 Brothels† were only found, to quench the flame;
 No Routs, or Balls, the kind convenience gave,
 To lose her Virtue, yet her Honour save.
 In *Cupid's* Rites, now, so improv'd our skill,
 Mode finds the means, when Nature finds the will.
 Each rev'rend Relict keeps a private pack,
 And sturdy Stallion with *Atlean* back;
 Where *British* Dames to mystic rites repair,
 Nor fail to meet a lurking *Clodio* there;
 In amorous stealths defraud the public Stews,
 And rob the *Drury* Vestal of her dues;
 Who hapless mourns her last, long-mortgag'd Gown,
 While *Douglafs*‡ damns the Drums of Lady BROWN.

By

|| Pompeia, Consort to Julius Cæsar, whom the young Claudius took
 an opportunity of seducing at a solemn sacrifice of the Bona Dea.

† Intravit calidum veteri centone lupanar. Juv.

‡ An infamous, famous Bawd.

By names celestial, mortal Females call;
 Angels they are, but Angels in their fall.
 One Royal *Phœnix** yet redeems the race,
 And proves, in *Britain*, Beauty may have Grace.†

Vain shall the *Muse* the various symptoms find,
 When every Doctor's of a diff'rent mind.
 In * * 's palm, be foul Corruption found,
 Each Court-empiric holds, his *Grace* is found;
 In SACKVILLE's‡ breast let Public Spirit reign,
 Blisters! (they cry) the cause is in his brain;
 So, TALBOT's want of Place is want of Sense,
 And DASHWOOD's§ stubborn Virtue, downright Insolence.

When

* PRINCESS OF WALES, *Mother of his present Majesty* GEORGE III.

† At this time the Princess was graceful, and her amability had rendered her universal praise: perhaps this Country never made, at one period, so many dedications to one Royal Personage; and, had her Highness avoided the Butean party, she might have slid through the Vale of Life with one continued happy smile.

‡ See a Proposal for a Militia, published by Lord Middlesex.

§ Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord Le Despenser, the Patron and Protector of our Author.

When ills are thus just what the Doctors please,
And the Soul's health is held the Mind's disease ;
Not all thy art, O *Horace* ! had prevail'd ;
Here, all thy Roman recipes* had fail'd.

Had Fate to *Flaccus* but our days decreed,
What *Pollio* would admire ? what *Cæsar* read ?
Great *Maro*'s† self had dy'd an humble swain,
And *Terence* fought a *Lælius* now in vain.
Science no more employs the Courtier's care,
No *Muse*'s voice can charm NORTHUMBERLAND'S ear.
The solid Vote aerial Verse outweighs,
And wins all courtly favour from the Bays ;
Hence flow alone the sacred gifts of Kings,
Staves, Truncheons, Feathers, Mitres, Stars, and Strings.

Hence Cradles, see ! with lisping Statesmen spawn,
And Infant limbs befuddled in the Lawn ;

While

* Satires.

† Virgil.

While honest BOYLE,* too impotent for Place,
 Sets, in meridian glory of Disgrace:
 Nor all the patriot music of MALONE
 Can charm a Court, like SACKVILLE, or like STONE;
 Blest Twins of State! whom love and pow'r conjoin,
 Like *Leda's* offspring, made by *Jove* divine;
 Fix'd in *Hibernia's* hemisphere to rule,
 And shed your influence o'er each Knave and Fool.†

Whilst the sad summons of the Mortar's knell
 The rival deeds of each Diploma tell;
 And Death's increasing muster-rolls declare,
 That Health and THOMPSON are no longer here;
 How shall the Muse this salutation send?
 What place enjoys Thee? or what happier Friend?

Say,

* *Lord Orrery.*

† As our Author lamented the occasion of these lines, so no one more sincerely rejoices to find, that the Beam of PUBLIC SPIRIT is likely to dispel the Clouds which had interposed between Loyalty and Patriotism--- A new political STAR in our days, and which some more Eastern MAGI would do well to follow.

Say, if in *Eastbury*'s† majestic towers,
 Or wrapt in *Ashley*'s‖ amarantine bowers,
 By Friendship favour'd, and unaw'd by State,
 You barter Science with the Wise and Great ;
 O'er PELHAM's Politics in judgment sit,
 Reform the Laws of Nations, or of Wit ;
 With Attic zest enrich the social bowl,
 Crack joke on joke, and mingle soul with soul ;
 On Laughter's wanton wing now frolic sport,
 Nor envy Fox* the closet of a Court.

Loft in this darling luxury of Ease,
 Alike regardless both of Fame and Fees,
 " Let SHAW (you cry) o'er Physic sov'reign reign,
 " Or W** boast his hecatombs of slain :

Be

† A feat belonging to the Right Hon. GEORGE DODINGTON.

‖ Another, belonging to Lord MIDDLESEX.

* Lord Holland.

“ Be mine, to stay some Friend’s departing breath,

“ And CHILD’S* may take the Drudgery of Death.”

Yet, THOMPSON ! say (whose gift it is to save,
Make Sicknefs smile, and rescue from the grave)
Say, to what end this healing pow’r was meant ?
Nor hide the talent, which by Heav’n is lent.
Tho’ Envy all her hissing serpents raise,
And join with harpy Fraud to blast thy bays ;
Shall wan Disease in vain demand thy skill,
While Health but waits the summons of your quill ?
Shall *Egypt*’s Plague† the Virgin cheek invade,
And Beauty’s wreck not win Thee to its aid ?

O !

* A Coffee-house noted for the resort of our modern *Esculapics*, where they ply for those Patients the Apothecary is pleased to consign over to them ; and where another Appendage to Physic (called the Undertakers) never fails to attend the Physical Levee, in order to receive the lucrative news of their joint-endeavours.

† The Small-pox, said to have first appeared at Alexandria. See the Doctor’s Treatise on this distemper.

O! stretch a saving hand, and let the Fair
 Owe all her future triumphs to thy care;
 Resume the Pen! and be Thyself, once more,
 What RATCLIFF, FRIEND, and SYD'NHAM were before.

Yet, when reviving Patients set you free,
 Let VAUGHAN* yield one social hour to me.
 Come then, my Friend! if Friendship's name can woo,
 Come! bring me all I want, that all in You.
 If rural scenes have still the pow'r to please,
 Flocks, vallies, hills, streams, villas, cots, and trees;
 Here all in one harmonious prospect blend,
 And landscapes rise, scarce LAMBERT's† art can mend.

S

Thames,

* Owen Evan Vaughan, Esq; of Bodidris castle; a Gentleman, in whose friendship the Doctor and our Author more particularly pride themselves, as he has never polluted his ancient *British* pedigree with any modern *Anti-British* principles.

† *A Landscape-painter, much celebrated.*

Thames, made immortal by her DENHAM's strains,
Meand'ring glides thro' TWICK'NHAM's flow'ry plains ;
While Royal *Richmond*'s cloud-aspiring wood
Pours all its pendent pomp upon the flood.
By *Rome*'s proud dames let storied *Tiber* flow,
And all *Palladio* grace the banks of *Po* ;
Here Nature's charms in purer lustre rise,
Nor seek from wanton Art her vain supplies.

Lo! *Windsor*, rev'rend in a length of years,
Like *Cybele*, her tow'r-crown'd summit rears ;
And *Hampton*'s turrets, with majestic pride,
Reflect their glories in the passing tide :
There *British Henries* gave to *Gallia* law ;
Here bloom'd the laurels of a great *Nassau*.*
O! could these scenes one Monarch more but please,
No frozen climates, no tempestuous seas,

For

* WILLIAM the Third.

For *Brunswick's** weal alarming fears should bring,
Nor *Britain* envy meaner Courts her King.

Here CAMPBELL's† varied shades with wonder see,
Like Heav'n's own *Eden*, stor'd with every tree;
Each plant with plant in verdant glory vies;
High-tow'ring pines, like *Titans*, scale the skies;
And *Lebanon's* rich groves on *Hounslow's* deserts rise.

But chief---with awful step, O! let us stray,
Where *Britain's Orpheus* tun'd his sacred lay,
Whose Grove enchanted from his numbers grew,
And proves, what once was fabled, now is true.
Here oft the Bard with ARBUTHNOT retir'd;
Here flow'd the verse his Healing Art inspir'd :‡

Alike

* *It was the fashion to bewail the King's attachment to his native Hanover; and yet we can see Scotsmen fond of a clime raw, barren, bare, because the place of their nativity.*

† Duke of ARGYLE, celebrated as a Warrior and a Statesman.

‡ Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot.

Alike thy merit like thy fame should rise,
Could Friendship give, what feeble Art denies :
Tho' POPE's immortal verse the Gods refuse,
Accept this off'ring from an humbler Muse.
Weak tho' her flight, yet honest still her strain,
And what no Minister could ever gain ;
Pleas'd if the grateful tribute of her song,
Thy merit, THOMPSON ! shall one day prolong.

In marshal'd Slaves let hungry Princes trade,
And *Britain's* bullion bribe their venal aid ;*
Let brave BOSCAWEN trophied honours gain,
And ANSON wield the Trident of the Main.

Safe,

* Alluding to a modern kind of Military Traffic, which consists in the exchange of *British gold* for *German valour* ; and by which means, it is presumed, our Politicians intend the native wants of either party shall be reciprocally supplied.

Safe, in the harbour of my *Twick'nam*† bower,
 From all the wrecks of State, or storms of Power ;
 No Wreaths I court, no Subsidies I claim,
 Too rich for want, too indolent for fame.
 Whilst here with Vice a bloodless war I wage,
 Or lash the follies of a trifling age,
 Each gay-plum'd Hour, upon its downy wings,
 The Hybla freight of rich Contentment brings ;
 Health, rosy handmaid, at my table waits,
 And halcyon Peace broods watchful o'er my gates.

Here oft, on *Contemplation's* pinion bore,
 To Heav'n I mount, and Nature's works explore ;
 Or, led by *Reason's* intellectual clue,
 Thro' Error's maze, Truth's secret steps pursue ;

View

† *He had a neat villa, in the style of a Chateau, on the north side of Twickenham Common, sacred to the Muses. It is at present inhabited by the sensible and lively Lady BRIDGET TALLMACH, Daughter of the late Lord NORTHINGTON.*

View ages past in *Story's* mirror shown,
And make Time's mould'ring treasures all my own ;
Or here the *Muse* now steals me from the throng,
And wraps me in th' enchantment of her song.

Thus flow, and thus for ever flow ! my days,
Unaw'd by Censure, or unbrib'd by Praise ;
No friend to Faction, and no dupe to Zeal ;
Foe to all party, but the Public Weal.
Why then, from every venal bondage free,
Courts have no glitt'ring shackles left for me :
My reasons, THOMPSON ! prithee ask no more ;
Take them, as *Oxford's Flaccus* fung before.*

“ My ease and freedom if for aught I vend,
“ Would not you cry, To *Bedlam*, *Bedlam*, Friend !
“ But to speak out---shall what could ne'er engage
“ My frailer youth, now captivate in age ?

“ What

* See conclusion of Dr. King's Apology.

“ What cares can vex, what terrors frightful be,
 “ To him whose shield is hoary Sixty-three? *
 “ When life itself so little worth appears,
 “ That Ministers can give no hopes, or fears;
 “ Altho’ grown grey within my humbler gate,
 “ I ne’er kiss’d Hands, or trod the rooms of State;
 “ Yet not unhonour’d have I liv’d, and blest
 “ With rich convenience, careless of the rest;
 “ What boon more grateful can the Gods bestow
 “ On those avow’d their favourite sons below?” †

* Though the Translator’s virtue is not yet secured by this *palladium*
 of his Grand Climacteric, yet he flatters himself he shall at least be able
 to rival our truly Roman Author, in the *practice* of his heroic Indiffe-
 rence, however short he may fall of him in his elegant *Description* of it.

† *Libera si pretio quantôvis otia vendam,
 Cui non insanus videar? Sed apertius audi:
 Quæ juvenem, infirmumque animi captare nequibant,
 Illa senem capiant? aut quæ terrere pericla
 Posse putes hominem, cui climactericus annus
 Præsidio est omni majus? cui vita videtur*

Haud

*Haud equidem tanti esse, ut quid caveatve petatve
A regni satrapis, ullaque sit anxius horâ.
Si mihi non dextram tetigisse, aut limina regum
Contigit, & lare sub tenui mea canuit ætas :
Attamen æquo animo, non ullis rebus egenus,
Non inhonoratus vixi: Neque gratius usquam
Dû munus dederunt, cui si favisse fatentur.*

T H E E N D.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

T

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

T

S O N G,

Addressed to the LADIES.

I.

YE Belles, and ye Flirts, and ye pert little Things,

Who trip in this frolicsome round,

Prithee tell me from whence this indecency springs,

The sexes at once to confound?

What means the Cock'd Hat, and the masculine air,

With each motion design'd to perplex?

Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,

And softness the test of your sex,

Dear Girls,

And softness the test of your sex.

The

II.

The girl, who on beauty depends for support,

May call ev'ry art to her aid ;

The Bosom display'd, and the Petticoat short,

Are samples she gives of her trade :

But you, on whom Fortune indulgently smiles,

And whom Pride has preserv'd from the snare,

Should flily attack us with coyness and wiles,

Not with open and insolent air,

Brave Girls,

Not with, &c.

III.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,

Shrinks modestly back from the view,

And kindly shou'd seem by the artist design'd

To serve as a model for you :

Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,

Nor venture too much to reveal ;

Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,

And double each charm you conceal,

Sweet Girls,

And double, &c.

IV.

The blushes of Morn, and the mildness of May,

Are charms which no art can procure :

Oh ! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,

And your empire is solid and sure :

But if, Amazon-like, you attack your Gallants,

And put us in fear of our lives,

You may do very well for Sisters and Aunts,

But, believe me, you'll never be Wives, Poor Girls,

Believe me, &c.

MISCELLANEOUS PUNCHES

A NEW

OCCASIONAL SONG,

As performed by Mr. BEARD in the character of a Recruiting Serjeant,
at the Theatre-Royal in *Covent-Garden*, in the Entertainment of
The Fair.

I.

IN story we're told
How our Monarchs of old
O'er *France* spread their royal domain ;
But no annals shall show
Her pride laid so low,
As when brave GEORGE the Second did reign,

Brave Boys !

As when brave, &c.

Of

II.

Of *Roman* and *Greek*

Let *Fame* no more speak ;

Tho' their arms did the Old World subdue,

Through the nations around

Let her trumpet now found,

How *Britons* have conquer'd the New,

Brave Boys !

How Britons have, &c.

III.

East, West, North, and South,

Our cannons loud mouth

Shall the rights of our Monarch maintain ;

On *America's* strand

AMHERST limits the Land,

BOSCAWEN gives law on the Main,

Brave Boys !

BOSCAWEN gives, &c.

Each

IV.

Each fort, and each town,
 We still make our own,
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagar;
Guardelupe, Senegal,
 And *Quebec's* mighty fall,
 Shall prove we've no equal in war, Brave Boys!
 Shall prove we've, &c.

V.

Though CONFLANS did boast
 He wou'd conquer our coast,
 Our thunder soon made Monsieur mute;
 Brave HAWKE wing'd his way,
 Then pounc'd on his prey,
 And gave him an *English* salute, Brave Boys!
 And gave him, &c.

While

VL

At *Minden* you know
How we frighten'd the foe,
While homeward their army now steals,
“ Though,” they cry, “ *British* bands
“ Are too hard for our hands,
“ Begar! we can beat them in Heels, Parbleu!
 Begar! we, &c.

VII.

Whilst our Heroes from home
For laurels thus roam,
Should the Flat-bottom'd Boats but appear,
Our *Militia* shall show
No wooden-shoed foe
Can with Freeman in battle compare, Brave boys!
 Can with Freeman, &c.

U

Your

VIII.

Your Fortunes and Lives,
Your Children and Wives,
To defend, 'tis the time now or never :
Then let each Volunteer
To the Drum-head repair---

King GEORGE and *Old England* for ever !

Brave Boys !

King GEORGE, &c.

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. BEARD in the Entertainment of *Apollo* and *Daphne*.

I.

THE sun from the East tips the mountains with gold ;
The meadows all spangled with dew-drops behold !
Hear ! the lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
And the Horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay.

C H O R U S.

*With the sports of the Field there's no pleasure can vye,
While jocund we follow the Hounds in full cry.*

II.

Let the Drudge of the Town make Riches his sport ;
The Slave of the State hunt the smiles of a Court ;

No

No care and ambition our pastime annoy,
But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports, &c.

III.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree ;
The Priest hunts a Living---the Lawyer a Fee,
The Doctor a Patient---the Courtier a Place,
Though often, like us, he's flung-out in the chace.

With the sports, &c.

IV.

The Cit hunts a Plumb---while the Soldier hunts Fame,
The Poet a Dinner---the Patriot a Name ;
And the practis'd Coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
In spite of her airs, still her Lover pursues.

With the sports, &c.

Let

V.

Let the Bold and the Busy hunt Glory and Wealth ;
All the blessing we ask is the blessing of Health,
With Hound and with Horn thro' the woodlands to roam,
And, when tired abroad, find Contentment at home.

*With the sports of the Field there's no pleasure can vye,
While jocund we follow our Hounds in full cry,*

MISCELLANEOUS FICTIOES
449

S O N G,

Sung by Mr. BEARD at the Annual Meeting of the President, Vice-Presidents, Governors, &c. of the *London Hospital*.

OF Trophies and Laurels I mean not to sing,
Of *Prussia's* brave Prince, or of *Britain's* good King :
Here the Poor claim my song ; then the art I'll display,
How you all shall be gainers---by giving away.

Derry down.

The cruse of the widow, you very well know,
The more it was emptied, the fuller did flow :
So here with your Purse the like wonder you'll find ;
The more you draw out, still---the more left behind.

Derry down.

The Prodigal here without danger may spend ;
That ne'er can be lavish'd, to Heaven we lend ;

And

And the Miser his purse-strings may draw without pain,
For what miser won't give---when giving is Gain?

Derry down.

The Gamester, who sits up whole days and whole nights,
To hazard his health and his fortune at *White's* ;
Much more to advantage his Betts he may make,
Here, set what he will, he will double his Stake.

Derry down.

The Fair-one, whose heart the Four Aces controul,
Who fights for *Sans-prendre*, and dreams of a Vole,
Let her here send a tithe of her gains at *Quadrille*,
And she'll ne'er want a friend---in victorious *Spadille*.

Derry down.

Let the Merchant, who trades on the perilous sea,
Come here, and insure, if from loss he'd be free ;
A Policy here from all danger secures,
For safe is the Venture---which Heaven insures.

Derry down.

The

The Stock-jobber too may subscribe without fear,
In a Fund which for ever a Premium must bear ;
Where the Stock must still rise, and where Scrip will prevail,
Tho' South-Sea, and India, and *Omnium*, should fail.

Derry down.

*The Churchman likewise his advantage may draw,
And here buy a Living, in spite of the Law---
In Heaven, I mean ; then, without any fear,
Let him purchase away---here's no Simony here.

Derry down.

†Ye Rakes, who the joys of Hymen disclaim,
And seek, in the ruin of Virtue, a fame ;
You may here boast a triumph consistent with duty,
And keep, without guilt, a Seraglio of Beauty.

Derry down.

* Additional Stanza for the Annual Feast of the Sons of the Clergy.

† Ditto for the Magdalen Hospital.

If from Charity then such advantages flow,
That you still gain the more---the more you bestow ;
Here's the place will afford you rich profit with ease :
When the Baron comes round---be as rich as you please.

Derry down.

Then a health to that *Patron, whose grandeur and store
Yield aid and defence to the Sick and the Poor ;
Who no Courtier can flatter, no Patriot can blame :
But, our President's here---or I'd tell you his name.

Derry down.

* The late Duke of Devonshire.

B A L L A D.

L O N G, *Roger* in vain
Strove *Cic'ley* to gain,

And that Something he wanted she knew ;

Yet still she reply'd,

First make me your Bride,

Or---I wish I may die if I do.

Quoth *Roger*, Next Fair

I'll deck out your hair

With a Top-knot, green, yellow, or blue.

No Top-knot, pray, bring

Without the Gold-Ring,

Or---I wish I may die if I do.

Together

Together one day,
When making of hay,
Pretty *Cis* on a haycock he threw :
His hand did intrude ;
She cry'd, Don't be rude,
For---I wish I may die if I do.

But *Roger* still prest
Her lips and her breast,
Until kinder and kinder she grew :
A glance from her eye
He saw give the lye
To---" I wish I may die if I do."

He knew what it meant,
Took looks for consent ;
Then---a Fairing presented to view,
Which *Cis* so amaz'd,
She sigh'd while she gaz'd---
Oh ! I surely shall die---if I do.

What

What Lovers conceal
No Muse should reveal ;
You must fancy then what did ensue :
But she no more cry'd,
First make me your Bride,
Or---I wish I may die if I do.

Ah! *Roger!* says *Cis*,
A Fairing like this
Cannot fail a young Maid to subdue :
No Knot you need bring ;
Ne'er mind the Gold-Ring,
For---I wish I may die if I do.

A
F R A G M E N T.

I.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, invites
To revel in his ev'ning rites,
In vain his altars I surround,
Though with *Burgundian* incense crown'd :
No charm has Wine without the Lafs ;
'Tis Love gives relish to the Glafs.

II.

Whilst all around, with jocund glee,
In brimmers toast their fav'rite She ;
Though ev'ry Nymph my lips proclaim,
My heart still whispers *Chloe's* name ;
And thus with me, by am'rous stealth,
Still ev'ry glafs is *Chloe's* health.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by Lady POMFRET's Present of some ANTIQUE STATUES
to *Oxford*; the Streets whereof were foolishly said to be paved
with *Jacobites*.

IF *Oxford's* Stones, as *Blaco* writes,
And PITT affirms, are *Jacobites*,
That bid the Court defiance ;
How must the danger now increase,
When Stones are come from *Rome* and *Greece*,
To form a grand alliance !
Yet, sprung from lands of Liberty,
These Stones can sure no *Tories* be,
Or friends to the Pretender ;
And PITT himself can ne'er devise,
That *Whiggish* Stones should ever rise
Against our Faith's Defender.

T O

D^R. K I N G.

OFT have I heard, with clam'rous note,
A yelping Cur exalt his throat
At *Cynthia's* silver rays ;
So, with the blaze of Learning's light,
When You, O KING, offend his fight,
The Spaniel *Blaco* bays.

T H E

T H E
B U T T E R F L Y A N D B E E.

T O F L A V I A.

SEE ! FLAVIA, see ! that flutt'ring Thing
Skim round yon' flower with sportive wing,

Yet ne'er its sweets explore ;

While, wiser, the industrious Bee

Extracts the honey from the tree,

And hives the precious store.

So You, with coy, coquettish art,

Play wanton round your Lover's heart,

Insensible and free :

Love's balmy blessing would you try,

No longer sport a Butterfly,

But imitate the Bee.

V E R S E S,

Dropt in Mr. GARRICK's *Temple of Shakespeare*.

W HILE here to *Shakespeare** GARRICK pays
His tributary thanks and praise ;

Invokes the animated stone,
To make the Poet's mind his own ;
That he each character may trace
With humour, dignity, and grace ;
And mark, unerring mark, to men,
The rich creation of his Pen ;

Preferr'd the pray'r-----the marble God
Methinks I see, assenting, nod,

Y

And,

* *The Statue of SHAKESPEARE, in the Temple dedicated to the Bard
by Mr. GARRICK, in his delightful Garden at Hampton, was the work of
that able and ingenious Master, ROUBILIAC.*

And, pointing to his laurell'd brow,

Cry---“ Half this Wreath to you I owe :

“ Loft to the Stage, and loft to Fame ;

“ Murder'd my Scenes, scarce known my Name ;

“ Sunk in oblivion and disgrace

“ Among the common, scribbling race,

“ Unnotic'd long thy *Shakespeare* lay,

“ To Dullness, and to Time, a prey :

“ But now I rise, I breathe, I live

“ In You---my Representative !

“ Again the Hero's breast I fire,

“ Again the tender sigh inspire ;

“ Each side, again, with laughter shake,

“ And teach the villain-heart to quake ;

“ All this, my Son ! again I do---

“ I?---No, my Son !---'Tis I, and You.

While thus the grateful Statue speaks,

A blush o'erspreads the Suppliant's cheeks---

“ What!

“ What !---Half this Wreath, Wit’s mighty Chief?--

“ O grant,” he cries, “ one fingle Leaf;

“ That far o’erpays his humble merit,

“ Who’s but the organ of thy spirit.”

Phœbus the gen’rous contest heard---

When thus the God address’d the Bard :

“ Here, take this Laurel from my brow,

“ On Him your mortal Wreath bestow ;---

“ Each matchless, each the Palm shall bear,

“ In Heav’n the BARD, on Earth the PLAY’R.

C U P I D

B A F F L E D.

DIANA, hunting on a day,
Beheld where *Cupid* sleeping lay,

His Quiver by his head :

One of his Darts she stole away,

And one of her's did close convey

Into the other's stead.

When next the Archer through the grove,

In search of prey, did wanton rove,

Aurelia fair he 'spy'd ;

Aurelia, who to *Damon*'s pray'r

Disdain'd to lend a tender ear,

And *Cupid*'s pow'r defy'd.

Soon

Soon as he ey'd the rebel Maid ;
 " Now know my pow'r !" enrag'd, he said ;
 Then levell'd at her heart :
 Full to the head the shaft he drew ;
 But harmless to her breast it flew,
 For, lo !---'twas *Dian's* Dart.

Exulting, then the Fair-one cry'd,
 " Fond Urchin, lay your Bow aside ;
 " Your Quiver be unbound :
 " Would you *Aurelia's* heart subdue,
 " Thy play-thing Arrows ne'er will do ;
 " Bid *Damon* give the wound.

V E R S E S

On the Death of the truly Patriot Prince, FREDERICK; who died
March 30, 1751, aged 43.

WHEN *Jove*, late revolving the state of mankind,
'Mong *Britons* no traces of Virtue could find;
O'er the island, indignant, he stretch'd forth his rod;
Earth trembled, and Ocean acknowledg'd the God.*

Still provok'd by our crimes, Heaven's vengeance to show,
Ammon, grasping his bolts, aim'd at *Britain* the blow;
But pausing----more dreadful, his wrath to evince,
Threw thunder aside, and sent Fate for the Prince.

* Alluding to the preceding Earthquakes, Feb. 8. and March 8, 1750.

EXTEMPORE on hearing of Mr. POPE's Death.

POPE dead! hush, hush, Report, the scandalous lye:
Fame says he lives----Immortals never die.

DEATH AND THE DOCTOR.

'T'WIXT *Death* and SCHOMBERG, t'other day,
A contest did arise ;

Death swore his prize he'd bear away ;

The Doctor, *Death* defies.

Enrag'd to hear his pow'r defy'd,

Death drew his keenest dart ;

But wond'ring saw it glance aside,

And miss the vital part.

A N

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. POWELL, at the Opening of the Theatre-Royal in
Covent-Garden, on Monday, Sept. 14, 1767.

AS when the Merchant, to increase his store,
For dubious seas, advent'rous quits the shore;
Still anxious for his freight, he trembling sees
Rocks in each buoy, and tempests in each breeze;
The curling wave to mountain billows swells,
And ev'ry cloud a fancied storm foretells:
Thus rashly launch'd on this Theatric main,
Our All on board, each phantom gives us pain;
The Catcall's note seems thunder in our ears,
And ev'ry Hiss a hurricane appears;

In

In Journal Squibs we lightning's blast espy,
And meteors blaze in every Critic's eye.

Spite of these terrors, still some hopes we view,
Hopes, ne'er can fail us---since they're plac'd---in you.
Your Breath the gale, our voyage is secure,
And safe the venture which your Smiles insure ;
Though weak his skill, th' advent'rer must succeed,
Where Candour takes th' endeavour for the deed.
For *Brentford's* state, two Kings could once suffice ;
In our's, behold ! *four Kings of Brentford* rise ;
All smelling to one nosegay's od'rous favour,
The balmy nosegay of---the Public Favour.
From hence alone, our royal funds we draw,
Your pleasure our support, your will our law.
While such our Government, we hope you'll own us ;
But should we ever Tyrant prove---dethrone us.

Like Brother Monarchs, who, to coax the nation,
Began their reign, with some fair Proclamation,
We too should talk at least---of Reformation ;
Declare, that during our Imperial sway,
No Bard shall mourn his long-neglected Play ;
But then the Play must have some wit, some spirit,
And We allow'd sole umpires of its merit.

For those deep Sages of the judging Pit,
Whose taste is too refin'd for modern wit,
From *Rome's* great Theatre we'll cull the piece,
And plant, on *Britain's* Stage, the flow'rs of *Greece*.

If some there are, our *British* Bards can please,
Who taste the ancient wit of ancient days,
Be our's to save, from Time's devouring womb,
Their works, and snatch their laurels from the tomb.

For you, ye Fair, who sprightlier scenes may chuse,
Where Music decks in all her airs the Muse,

Gay

Gay Opera shall all its charms dispense,
Yet boast no tuneful triumph over Sense ;
The nobler Bard shall still assert his right,
Nor HANDEL rob a SHAKESPEARE of his night.

To greet their *mortal* brethren of our skies,
Here all the Gods of Pantomine shall rise :
Yet 'midst the pomp and magic of machines,
Some plot may mark the *meaning* of our Scenes ;
Scenes which were held, in good King RICH's days,
By Sages, no bad Epilogues to Plays.

If terms like these your suffrage can engage,
To fix our mimic Empire of the Stage ;
Confirm our title in your fair opinions,
And croud each night to people our Dominions.

V E R S E S

On converting the Chapel to a Kitchen, at the Seat of the Lord
DONNERAYLE, called *The Grove*, in *Hertfordshire*.

BY *Ovid*, among other wonders, we're told
What chanc'd to *Philemon* and *Baucis* of old;
How their Cot to a Temple was conjur'd by *Jove*,
So a Chapel was chang'd to a Kitchen at *Grove*.

The Lord of the Mansion most rightly conceiting,
His guests lov'd good pray'rs much less than good eating;
And possess'd by the Devil, as some folks will tell ye,
What was meant for the soul, he assign'd to the belly.

The word was scarce giv'n---when down dropp'd the Clock,
And strait was seen fix'd in the form of a Jack;
And, shameful to tell! Pulpit, Benches, and Pews,
Form'd Cupboards and Shelves, for Plates, Saucepans, and
Stews. Pray'r-

Pray'r-books turn'd into Platters ; nor think it a fable,
A Dresher sprung out of the Communion-table ;
Which, instead of the usual repast, Bread and Wine,
Is stor'd with rich Soups, and good *English* Sirloin.

No fire, but what pure devotion could raise,
'Till now, had been known in this Temple to blaze :
But, good Lord ! how the neighbours around did admire,
When a Chimney rose up in the room of a Spire !

For a *few* many people the Master mistook,
Whose *Levites* were Scullions, his High-Priest a Cook ;
And thought he design'd our religion to alter,
When they saw the Burnt-Offering smoke at the Altar.

The Bell's solemn found, that was heard far and near,
And oft rous'd the Chaplain unwilling to pray'r,
No more to good Sermons now summons the Sinner,
But blasphemous rings in---the Country to Dinner.

When

When my good Lord the Bishop had heard the strange story,
 How the place was profan'd, that was built to G--'s glory;
 Full of zeal he cried out, "Oh, how impious the deed,
 "To cram Christians with Pudding, instead of the Creed!"

Then away to the *Grove* hied the Church's Protector,
 Resolving to give his Lay-brother a Lecture;
 But he scarce had begun, when he saw, plac'd before 'em,
 A Haunch piping hot from the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

"'Troth!" quoth he, "I find no great sin in the plan,
 "What was useless to God---to make useful to Man:
 "Besides, 'tis a true Christian duty, we read,
 "The Poor and the Hungry with good things to feed."

Then again on the walls he bestow'd Consecration,
 But reserv'd the full rights of a free Visitation:
 Thus, 'tis still the Lord's House---only varied the treat,
 Now, there's Meat without Grace---where was Grace with-
 out Meat.

V E R S E S

On the Duke of CUMBERLAND'S Victory at *Culloden*, in the Year 1746.

A S his worm-eaten volumes old *Time* tumbled o'er,
To review the great actions that happen'd of yore ;
When the names of young *Ammon* and *Cæsar* he saw,
He to one oppos'd CHURCHILL---to th' other NASSAU ;
Then said, with a sigh, " What ! has *Britain* no friend ?
" With these must her long race of Heroes have end ?"
When strait a loud blast on her Trumpet *Fame* blew,
Which so long had been silent, the sound he scarce knew ;
But soon in his sight the swift Goddess appear'd,
And, half out of breath, cry'd---" News, News ! have
" you heard ?---
" I yet have one Hero to add to your store,
" Brave WILLIAM has conquer'd---*Rebellion's no more.*"
Well pleas'd, in his annals *Time* set down the name,
Made the record authentic,---and gave it to *Fame*.

V E R S E S

Inscribed on a Monument called *The Tomb of Care*, in the Garden of the late JOHN RICH, Esq. at *Cowley*, in *Middlesex*; whereon three beautiful Boys are covering a funeral Urn with a Veil of Flowers.

WHY, busy Boys, why thus entwine
The flowery veil around this shrine?

As if, for halcyon days like these,

The sight too solemn were to please:

Mistaken Boys, what sight's so fair---

To mortals, as the Tomb of *Care*?

Here let the gloomy Tyrant lie;

His urn an altar shall supply,

Sacred to *Ease*, and social *Mirth*;

For *Care*'s decease---is *Pleasure*'s birth.

T H E
E P I T A P H

(In Letters of Brass, inserted by a female Figure representing *History*) on a
Marble Pyramid of the Monument of JOHN, Duke of ARGYLE.

BRITON, behold, if Patriot Worth be dear,
A shrine that claims thy tributary tear!

Silent that tongue admiring Senates heard,

Nerveless that arm opposing Legions fear'd!

Nor less, O CAMPBELL! thine the pow'r to please,

And give to Grandeur all the grace of Ease.

Long, from thy life, let kindred Heroes trace

Arts which ennoble still the noblest race.---

Others may owe their future fame to Me;

I borrow immortality from Thee.

A a

P. WHITEHEAD.

Westminster Abbey.

V E R S E S

On the Name, P. WHITEHEAD, subscribed to the above Inscription,
being removed thence some time after the Monument was erected.

O'ER the Tombs as pale *Envy* was hov'ring around,
The *Manes* of each hallow'd Hero to wound ;
On ARGYLE's, when she saw only Truth was related
Of Him, whom alive she most mortally hated,
And finding the record adopted by *Fame*,
In revenge to the Poet---she *gnaw'd* out his name.

V E R S E S

V E R S E S

To the Memory of Mrs. PRITCHARD, who died August, 1761, aged 57.

HER Comic vein had ev'ry charm to please ;
'Twas *Nature's* dictates breath'd with *Nature's* ease :
E'en when her pow'rs sustain'd the Tragic load,
Full, clear, and just, th' harmonious accents flow'd ;
And the big passions of her feeling heart
Burst freely forth, and sham'd the Mimic Art.
Oft on the scene, with colours not her own,
She painted vice, and taught us what to shun.
One virtuous track her real life pursu'd,
That nobler part was uniformly good ;
Each duty there to such perfection wrought,
That, if the precepts fail'd, th' example taught.

Westminster Abbey.

V E R S E S

To Mr. BROOKE, on the Refusal of a Licence to his Play of *Gustavus Vasa*.

WHILE *Athens* glory'd in her free-born race,
And Science flourish'd round her fav'rite place,
The Muse unfetter'd trod the *Grecian* Stage ;
Free were her pinions, unrestrain'd her rage :
Bold and secure she aim'd the pointed dart,
And pour'd the precept poignant to the heart,
Till dire Dominion stretch'd her lawless sway,
And *Athens'* sons were destin'd to obey :
Then first the Stage a Licens'd Bondage knew,
And Tyrants quash'd the scene they fear'd to view :
Fair *Freedom's* voice no more was heard to charm,
Or *Liberty* the *Attic* audience warm.

Then

Then fled the Muse, indignant, from the shore,
 Nor deign'd to dwell where *Freedom* was no more :
 Vain then, alas ! she sought *Britannia's* isle,
 Charm'd with her voice, and cheer'd us with her smile.
 If *Gallic* laws her gen'rous flight restrain,
 And bind her captive with th' ignoble chain ;
 Bold and unlicens'd, in ELIZA's days,
 Free flow'd her numbers, flourish'd fair her bays ;
 O'er *Britain's* Stage majestic, unconfin'd,
 She tun'd her Patriot lessons to mankind ;
 For mighty Heroes ranfack'd ev'ry age,
 Then beam'd them glorious in her SHAKESPEARE's page.

SHAKESPEARE's no more !---lost was the Poet's name
 Till Thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to Fame ;
 Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,
 You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb,
 Taught the declining Muse again to soar,
 And to *Britannia* gave one Poet more.

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, in thy lays we see GUSTAVUS live ;
But, O GUSTAVUS ! if thou can'st, forgive.
Britons, more savage than the tyrant *Dane*,
Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain,
Degen'rate *Britons*, by thy worth dismay'd,
Prophane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade

S O N G.

S O N G.

AS GRANVILLE's soft numbers tune *Myra's* just praise,
And *Chloe* shines lovely in PRIOR's sweet lays ;
So, wou'd *Daphne* but smile, their example I'd follow,
And, as she looks like *Venus*, I'd sing like *Apollo* :

But, alas ! while no smiles from the Fair-one inspire,
How languid my strains, and how tuneless my lyre !

Go, Zephyrs, salute in soft accents her ear,
And tell how I languish, sigh, pine, and despair ;
In gentlest murmurs my passion commend,
But whisper it softly, for fear you offend :

For sure, O ye Winds, you may tell her my pain ;
'Tis *Strephon's* to suffer, but not to complain.

Wherever I go, or whatever I do,
Still something presents the fair Nymph to my view.

If

If I traverse the garden, the garden still shows

Me her neck in the lily, her lip in the rose :

But with her neither lily nor rose can compare ;

Far sweeter's her lip, and her bosom more fair.

If, to vent my fond anguish, I steal to the grove,

The spring there presents the fresh bloom of my Love ;

The nightingale too, with impertinent noise,

Pours forth her sweet strains in my Syren's sweet voice :

Thus the grove and its music her image still brings ;

For, like spring she looks fair, like the nightingale sings.

If, forsaking the groves, I fly to the court,

Where beauty and splendor united resort,

Some glimpse of my Fair in each charmer I spy,

In RICHMOND's fair form, or in BRUDENEL's bright eye ;

But, alas ! what wou'd BRUDENEL or RICHMOND appear ?

Unheeded they'd pass, were my *Daphne* but there.

If to books I retire, to drown my fond pain,
And dwell over HORACE, or OVID's sweet strain;
In *Lydia*, or *Chloe*, my *Daphne* I find;
But *Chloe* was courteous, and *Lydia* was kind:
Like *Lydia*, or *Chloe*, wou'd *Daphne* but prove,
Like HORACE, or OVID, I'd sing and I'd love.

T O

D^R. S C H O M B E R G,
Of B A T H.

TO SCHOMBERG quoth *Death*, "I your Patient will
"have:"

To *Death* replied SCHOMBERG, "My Patient I'll save."

Then *Death* seiz'd his arrow, the Doctor his pen,
And each wound the one gave, t'other heal'd it again;
'Till *Death* swore he never had met such defiance,
Since he and the College had been in alliance.

T H E E N D.



ERRATUM.

Page 179, line 2: ——— For 1761, read 1768.

B O O K S

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